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MERRY ENGLAND

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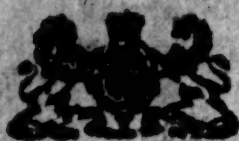
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Howard of Glossop.

MERRY ENGLAND

APRIL, 1884.

Lord Howard of Glossop.

LORD EDWARD GEORGE FITZALAN HOWARD was born at Norfolk House, in London, on the 20th of January, 1818. He was the grandson of Bernard Edward Howard, the lineal descendant of Henry, Baron Mowbray, Earl of Arundel—a feudal honour as adjudged by Parliament in right of possession of Arundel Castle (11 Henry VI.)—who on the death of his cousin Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to all the titles and privileges of this illustrious family. His father, Henry Charles, thirteenth duke, was married in the year 1814 to Charlotte Sophia, daughter of the first Duke of Sutherland. Of the children of this marriage one only now survives, the Lady Foley, the beloved sister of the subject of this memoir, to whose kindness I owe the few facts I have been able to gather of his early days.

The House of Howard traces its origin back to Hereward the Saxon, who possessed lands in Norfolk in the days of Edgar the Peaceful, A.D. 957. In the fourteenth century Sir Thomas Howard married the Lady Margaret, daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, by Elizabeth his wife, the daughter and co-heir of Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. This Thomas de Mowbray carried in his veins the royal blood of the reigning Houses of England and France, for he was the

great grandson on his mother's side of Edward I. of England and of Philip-le-Hardi of France. In right of this descent the gallant Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, quartered the royal arms of the Confessor on his escutcheon; on a charge of high treason, he was beheaded by Henry VIII. for the exercise of this privilege. His son also suffered on the scaffold—for conspiring in favour of the unfortunate and maligned Mary, Queen of Scots. The dukedom of Norfolk was restored to his great-grandson by Charles II., and from that day to this the Howards have enjoyed in peace and security the honours and distinctions which place them "next to the blood royal" at the head of the peerage of England. The parliamentary influence of the family has been diminished it is true, and it fell to the lot of Lord Edward Howard himself to speak for the last time as the representative of the ducal borough of Arundel. It was on the 18th of May, 1868:—

"It is the custom in England when a criminal is about to be sentenced, that he shall be asked whether he has any reason to urge why sentence should not be passed upon him—and since perhaps the only criminality of which I am guilty is to be the representative of 'a miserable pocket-borough,' which has sent members to Parliament for 800 years, I trust I may be allowed to say a few words in defence of Arundel. During these 800 years, no doubt, civilization has made great progress, but it has been said with truth that history often repeats itself, and now we have a case in point. Some 800 years ago there were two nations in the North called the Picts and the Scots, and history says that the Scots after vanquishing the Picts gave trouble to their neighbours on the southern side of the Tweed. They harried the lands, they invested the towns, they did all the damage they could to the Southrons, and I am sorry to say things are no better even at this day. . . . They are even worse, because, not satisfied with ravaging a narrow district on one side of the Tweed, they have come down to the southern coast of this country, circumvented the small towns, and wish to kidnap the members of these unfortunate towns, to take them back to the wild North, to use us for their own purposes. Now, is such a step absolutely called for? The Prime Minister, in a remarkable speech upon a remarkable occasion in Edinburgh, said he saw no reason why there should be any disfranchisement of the small boroughs, and I cannot think that a person of such mature judgment will have formed such an opinion unless there has been a good deal to be said in its favour. I wish to ask, with every respect and consideration for honourable gentlemen who represent places north of the Tweed, whether, if it be well to

take away members from the small boroughs in England, there are not towns of greater importance in England than in Scotland, to which these members shall be given? In that case it will be only fair to give them to English boroughs. But even then, you will be originating a most inconvenient course of proceeding, for if the House reopens the Reform measure of last year upon this question, where shall legislation stop? Are we to have a Reform Bill every year? There is another inconvenience, for while applications come for additional representation for England and Wales, there is actually a motion by a member of the Emerald Isle to the effect that Ireland is inadequately represented, and requires any members which England may have to spare. The measure of last year has been called 'a leap in the dark.' Are you prepared to go further in the same direction—always leaping, and always in the dark? If you disfranchise these small boroughs you are going a long way towards establishing electoral districts. Is the country prepared for this? I am not for taking away members from any boroughs, for I believe that by the existing system you represent a greater diffusion of interests than will otherwise be possible. My votes, and those of my predecessors in the representation of Arundel, have always been given upon the Whig or Liberal side, and I am not going to stultify those votes by dying, if die I must, without appealing to the House to pause, and consider whether the day has really come for my execution."

Mr. Disraeli in his speech made this partial reply :—

"I confess I agree with the noble Lord who has just addressed us in so genial a manner, that I trust, whatever may be our decision, he at least will represent some place in this House. I agree with the noble Lord that it is unwise, by totally abolishing some of our borough constituencies, that you should disturb the mode in which the representation of the country is distributed, and take a course which may lead you to favour unduly certain parts of the kingdom, instead of obtaining that general equality of representation of which I am desirous."

And Mr. Gladstone commented to this effect :—

"There is absolutely no authority for the principle that wherever representation exists, there it is to be maintained. While I was listening to the excellent speech of my noble friend, the member for Arundel, I felt the advantage which we derive from having in the House such as he ; but I felt also that the constituency which he has at his back does not add one atom to the weight of the opinions he gives in this House. The truth is, that the towns to which the motion of my friend (Mr. Hume) the member for Montrose refers, are not real towns. Now, whether we have a borough or a county constituency, it is time that we should have a real constituency. It is desirable that every man who speaks in this House—as my noble friend does with so much good sense and so much good feeling—should be backed and seconded by the consciousness that he represents some appreciable part of the public opinion of the country. We are moving in the direction of

equable division—abstract equality, exact mathematical equality we do not ask—but redistribution must tend towards that fair and equable division of representative power which gives strength and security to a system of popular representation.”

This speech, like those we shall quote hereafter, is not without a curious pertinence at the present time. Lord Edward Howard spent most of his earlier days in London at Norfolk House, or at a seaside villa in Littlehampton, not far from Arundel, or at the family mansion of Worksop Manor in Nottinghamshire. This splendid place has since passed into the hands of the Duke of Newcastle, who has pulled the house down. Arundel Castle was at that time but partially furnished, and the Duke seldom went there except for a few days to shoot and hunt in his extensive preserves. As a boy, Lord Edward was not over strong, but he was merry and cheerful, and his love for fun always made him an agreeable companion, whose wit was entertaining without danger to good-fellowship. His amiable, considerate disposition sowed the seeds of solid friendships which lasted him through life. His first tutor was the Rev. Thomas Medland, afterwards vicar of Steyning, for whom he always preserved a very sincere regard. He went, at about the age of fourteen, to a private school at Hitcham, near Maidenhead, under the guardianship of the Rev. James Joyce, who afterwards became Vicar of Dorking. Although he was never at a public school, he was introduced by the author of “Coningsby,” under the name of Lord Vere, in a conversation which took place when Oswald Milbank (Mr. Gladstone, then a grand young man) was invited for the first time to breakfast with the aristocratic Sir Charles Buckhurst (Lord Lamington) to meet Lord Henry Sidney (Lord John Manners). Coningsby complained: “Why should you ask the son of an infernal manufacturer?” Lord Henry replied: “Because his family have been so civil to us when we were in Manchester.” Coningsby retorted: “A pretty state of things indeed we have now in London (during the Chartist riots), with your Birming-

hams and Manchesters. The country will soon be wrecked." "Come, come, Coningsby," said Lord Vere, the son of a Whig Minister, "I am all for Birmingham and Manchester!" "Well, at that rate we shall all lose our estates: I'll not give up mine without a fight," said Coningsby, and Lord Vere replied: "It depends whether my father remains in office. He is the only man that can govern the country." In after-years Lord Edward Howard was certainly all for Manchester during the great cotton famine; but he lived to look with distrust at the Birmingham school of politics. However of this hereafter.

At about the age of nineteen Lord Edward went to Cambridge, to Trinity College, and after he left the University he went to travel on the Continent with several companions, under the care of Mr. Lunn, a clergyman. He enjoyed his wanderings thoroughly, and amused himself in a right youthful fashion; but he had a serious eye to the manners and customs of the capitals he visited, so that he came home with a deep conviction, which grew upon him in after-years, of the many real and solid blessings which we enjoy in this country in a higher and purer atmosphere than surrounds the cultured classes on the Continent. Rome and Dresden seem to have been the cities which delighted him most; he also carried away agreeable recollections of his stay at Vienna. It is remarkable that the education of Lord Edward Howard and of Henry Granville, fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, his brother, was almost entirely entrusted to the hands of clergymen of the Established Church, if we except one of his tutors, Mr. Chalmers, a well-known Unitarian minister. Indeed, Lord Edward was often heard to say that his early acquaintance with the dogmas and worship of the Catholic Church, of which he was so devoted a member, was entirely due to the fidelity of his good Protestant mother, who taught him the Tridentine catechism in obedience to the promise she had made when she was married to Duke Bernard.

How consistently her high idea of her maternal duty must have been carried out is testified by the fact that Lord Edward and his brother developed into zealous members of the Church of Rome, whilst his sisters, Lady Foley and Lady Adeliza Manners, in respect to whom no such arrangement had been made, were remarkable for the staunchness of their Protestant principles.

It was about the year 1840 that Lord Edward Howard began to act as private secretary to Lord John Russell, when he was Colonial Secretary. He performed the exacting duties of his post to the great satisfaction of his chief for some three years : and in 1846 became Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, a post he served with punctiliousness until 1852. From 1848 till that year he represented the borough of Horsham in Parliament, being seated after judicial inquiry, although he actually polled a less number of votes than his opponent. For some months a dispute was carried on in the House whether the election should be annulled and a new writ issued, or whether the decision should be suspended until the passing of the Corrupt Practices Bill. Mr. John Jervis, the successful candidate, had been charged with illegal treating, and an ostler and a postboy had been summoned to prove the allegation. A vote for issuing a new writ was twice refused, and then on the 22nd of June it was allowed, but on the 23rd of July it was discharged. Finally, Mr. Jervis retired, and Lord Edward Howard took his seat. His brother, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey was at time member for Arundel, and his cousin, Mr. Philip Howard of Corby, member for Carlisle.

It was on the occasion of the Government proposal to issue a sum not exceeding £50,000 out of the Consolidated Fund for the relief of certain distressed Poor Law Unions in Ireland that Lord Edward Howard made his first speech in the House of Commons. It is one of such thoroughness that it seems to bear upon a question of to-day with almost as much force as it did

upon the unhappy state of Ireland on the 7th of February, 1849, when it was delivered. The Government Inspector of the Bantry Union had summed up his report in these words: "That the condition of the whole people is immeasurably below what the most heartless would consider the lowest depths of wretchedness." An occasion such as this was sure to arouse Lord Edward's most humane feelings. I shall make no apology for quoting his eloquent words at length:—

"I feel called upon as the representative of a poor agricultural district to make a few remarks upon the important question before the House. It is with regret that I have heard the opinion of an honourable gentleman opposite, because I believe it is the opinion and policy of a large and influential party not to agree to the proposition of the Right Hon. Baronet, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I regret that when a moderate sum like the present is asked to provide for urgent distress in another part of the kingdom, that a strong objection should be raised to it. I am not ignorant of the quantity of money which this country has already voted for the relief of Ireland, but when we read the accounts of distress which have appeared in the papers before the House, I think it impossible to deny what the Government ask. If honourable gentlemen opposite intend to refuse the grant, on them rest the blame and the consequences. I shall never regret having opposed them to the utmost of my power for the purpose of relieving Irish distress. The hon. gentleman spoke of distress elsewhere, and referred to distress existing in England, which has filled the workhouses and gaols. I cannot doubt the truth of these statements, and I regret the necessity of having to admit their accuracy. No man is more sorry to see the industrious people of England in distress than myself: no one would more encourage or more promote the virtue, the happiness, and the well-being of my fellow-countrymen. But when I find in the papers before the House cries for relief of urgent distress, and further, that property in Ireland has done its utmost to relieve it and has failed, how can I refuse to support a measure which is to afford help to the suffering? During the last two years there has been the deepest distress in Ireland. There has been a famine, and, in addition, disease of the most appalling character; but at the same time there has been quiet and tranquillity. Although suffering the greatest distress and experiencing all the horrors of disease, the Irish people under such circumstances are calm and tranquil. But then, may it not be supposed that this calm and tranquil feeling will not always exist? If the poor perishing people of Ireland were to see that honourable members disregard the request which Government makes to subsidize their great distress, might they not say: 'On the last occasion when distress overtook us—when our wives and children were dying of disease and hunger, and when in some districts there were hardly enough people left to bury the dead, we were quiet, but this is all we got by it. Now,

however, as another period of distress has arrived, and we ask you for some small relief which you refuse, can you ask us again to show the same conduct as before, when it has proved of no use to us?" I do not wish the House to think that I am advocating rebellion, or the exhibition of any other conduct than the Irish people have hitherto manifested under their sufferings. I should be sorry if any other line of conduct on their part were pursued, for I am satisfied that the only result would be an increased loss of life and suffering to the Irish people. In the remarks I am making I only wish to show to gentlemen opposite what might be the effect if their opposition to this measure proved effectual. I am not going to enter into the details of the question, for I am aware that there are many other gentlemen present more competent to the task than myself. To them I leave the matter, and for this additional reason; I find it would be a most difficult task, if I were inclined to do so, because it appears that every honourable gentleman who speaks on the subject, and particularly those gentlemen who come from Ireland (you must excuse me, gentlemen, for saying so), all seem to entertain views widely differing from each other, and I must leave it to abler hands than my own to enter upon the turbulent waters of such a mass of hostile opinions. . . ."

Mr. Hume, the member for Montrose, replied to this speech, by maintaining that in his opinion the motives of the noble lord were doubtless most humane; but that the principle of supplying the idle and lazy with money at the expense of the industrious was founded upon the principle of communism. However, Parliament did not think so, and Lord Edward had the great satisfaction of finding that his first effort in the direction of opening the public purse to meet the necessities of the stricken, met with a generous response in the hearts of his countrymen, English, Irish, and Scotch.

It was about this time that the inner thread of that family life which made up so much of Lord Edward Howard's happiness began to be spun. Besides the cares of political life and philanthropic schemes for the improvement of the condition of the people, his lordship found time to enjoy himself by taking part in the festivities which were wont to be celebrated at Woburn Abbey. There was a stage in the house, upon which he spent many a pleasant hour, and with the exception of his yachting days on the Solent, when he lived with his father at Cowes, he looked back, perhaps, with the greatest delight to

the happy time spent with the courtly and genial Duke of Bedford. He delighted too in his splendid moors at Glossop, and the Duke of Norfolk's near Derwent, where he shot with the keenness of an ardent sportsman. It was only when he felt his health unequal to the exertion of tramping through the heather that he gave up his favourite pastime. He never cared for fox-hunting, or, indeed, showed much interest in horses or dogs. He considered them only in so far as they were useful for work or sport, and had little sympathy with those who make either pets or idols of these faithful creatures.

As other men do, he fell in love: the lady of his choice was gentle, beautiful, and pious. She was devoted to her husband, to her children, to the Catholic faith, to the poor. She exercised a lasting influence on his mind; and it was from her that he learnt with still greater simplicity of character to shun everything which had the slightest touch of ostentation, or inclined towards the spirit of infidelity. Augusta Talbot, a considerable heiress, had been the heroine of a litigation which, in the dying days of No-Popery agitation, still exercised the patience and excited the suspicions of the public opinion. Mr. Berkeley alleged before the Court of the Lord Chancellor, that Lady Shrewsbury, aunt to Miss Talbot, had first of all endeavoured to bring about a marriage between her niece and a French gentleman of the name of Rochefoucault, and having failed in her purpose, had sent her to the convent at Clifton, in the hope of compelling her to take the veil. Now, the Chancellor laid it down, "that a very high contempt of Court would have been committed by allowing a ward of Court to become a postulant, or to take any step calculated to bind her future life to any particular course. If a marriage were contracted without consent of Court, it was a contempt of Court; how much more to make a person devote herself by vow to a religious life?" He did not attribute any unworthy motives to the Rev. Dr. Doyle, her guardian; but he decided both against the convent and

against the unfortunate French suitor. The gentle, yielding nature of this meekest of maidens was soon rewarded, for not many months afterwards Lord and Lady Edward Howard were tasting the sweetness of their honeymoon amidst the tangled woods, the breezy hills, and secluded dales of Glossop.

There were seven children born of this marriage. The eldest boy, Charlie, died at the age of ten years. This was the first stroke of the double blow which fell upon Lord Edward Howard just as he entered upon the prime of life, for the youth was a child of great promise, and both father and mother were passionately attached to their first-born son. Indeed, the Lady Edward seems never to have recovered from the loss she had sustained. Her health gave way, the slight tinge of colour faded from her always delicate cheeks, and in the following year she sank into an early grave. Her broken-hearted husband found his chief solace in the six merry little children she left to perpetuate a memory which was scarcely impressed upon their tender minds, as well as in the companionship of his intimate friend Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, whose life and surroundings at Grace Dieu Manor in Leicestershire, seemed in some sense to make up for the desolation which had invaded his own sacred hearth. This beautiful spot was at that time the centre of attraction to many gifted minds in search of religious truth. Gregorian chants were sung within the rood-screen of the ancient-looking church attached to the modern manor-house, mediæval processions wended their way on solemn days through the rhododendron alleys of a wood well-stocked with ferns, wild flowers, and honeysuckle, overspread by a stately canopy of oak leaves hanging from tall wide-spreading trees; whilst deep questions of theology and controverted points of ecclesiastical history were discussed beside the rippling stream where Wordsworth composed his sonnets when he sang of the charms which the Germans call *Waldeinsamkeit*—wood-loneliness—

“Beneath yon eastern ridge, rugged and high
Of Charnwood’s forest bound,
Stand yet, but stranger, hidden from the view
The ivied ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu.”

Many men since known to fame were gathered under my father’s roof—Lord John Manners and Cardinal Newman, Lord Emly and Kenelm Digby, the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L., and Bishop Ullathorne, Dr. Dollinger and W. G. Ward, the late Earl of Gainsborough and Father Ignatius Spencer.

It was here that Lord Edward met two maidens whose conversation engaged his mind as their grace fascinated his eye. They were sisters, the daughters of his host, Alice and Freda by name: the one, now the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Strutt, remained his dearest friend and confidante through life; the other soon became his wife. His children grew up in a cheerful, bright, and happy home, for the cloud of domestic sorrow had passed away. In visiting this engaging circle whether amongst the peculiar attractions of a country home at Glossop, standing alone by the side of a smoky manufacturing town, and on the edge of a heathery moor and wood-clad hills, or at the house in Rutland Gate, or again, amidst the bold and rugged beauties of Dorlin, stern and wild, in the boisterous, weird, lonely land of Morven, those tender words of Sir Walter Scott would often recur to my mind—

“Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven :
And if there be a human tear
From passion’s dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel’s cheek—
'Tis that which pious Fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter’s head !”

If ever Lord Howard shed tears over his daughters, they were tears such as these. He lived to see the three elder happily married—the first, Gwendoline, in 1872, to the Marquis of Bute. This splendid wedding brought together an assembly such as perhaps had not been gathered in a Catholic church

since the Reformation. Cardinal Manning performed the ceremony. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Hastings (now Lord Donington), and Mr. Disraeli, signed the register; for true lovers had indeed been walking in a garden, and "the Lady Corysande had given Lothair a rose." Lord Bute has since proved himself a munificent patron of learning by his gifts to Glasgow University, and of the Fine Arts by his splendid restorations at Cardiff Castle, and at Mount Stuart, near Rothesay. His zeal for religion is witnessed by his elegant and unique translation of the Roman Breviary. "He thought it would be grateful to a considerable number of English-speaking Catholics, who would wish, at any rate at times, to read the service of the Church, but are debarred from doing so by ignorance of the Latin language, and more especially so to converts who have been accustomed to the daily office while Anglicans." He is also much interested in the education of the poor, especially of those "of the household of the faith." When the great meeting of 1872 had been called together in Liverpool to see what steps should be taken to meet the so-called "Education Crisis," he was amongst the most eloquent of the speakers. Lord Howard and his nephew, the Duke of Norfolk, also came nobly to the front. They subscribed to the Crisis Fund with that open-handedness which became their wealth and Christianity. Lord Howard's first speech in the House of Lords was upon this very subject. He said :

"I ask the indulgence of your Lordships as one of a very small number of members of your Lordship's House, who may be said to represent in it a very large body of poor persons in this country, who stand most in want of education, and who by reason of their poverty have comparatively little to spare with which to obtain it. It has been stated by a very high authority in another place, that the educational destitution of that body is so great that it may constitute one-sixth of the whole educational destitution of the country. We live in days when great events occur unexpectedly, and suddenly produce results far beyond the calculations of the most foreseeing; but the measure before the House is one of such magnitude, that it is, indeed, difficult to realize what its results will be. It is in fact a measure that requires much

skill and boldness to bring forward at a time when the Birmingham League puts forward views anything but favourable to the voluntary system. They hold that although the voluntary system of education has done some good, it ought nevertheless to die; and all the favour they can grant it will be to let it die in a quiet and tranquil manner. But surely the voluntary system has done a great deal of good in its time, and might have done a great deal more had it not been starved. If I were to point to Prussia as a model, I should have to say that the State has only educated one in every six and a half persons, while in this country one in every seven and a half has been educated by voluntary efforts. The Prussian undenominational schools have been admitted a failure, and now they have reverted to the denominational system. The fees of the Catholic schools are lower and their subscriptions higher than in any other school. It is contrary to our principles to have education without doctrinal teaching, and it is the atmosphere or unseen influence and general tone of secular schools which presents the greatest danger to the belief of children. This it is which brings care and fear to the minds of parents anxious for the spiritual welfare of their children. In Prussia the denominations are assisted by the State to build schools; so, too, is the case in Canada. I regret it, if it be otherwise, and see no reason why similar advantages should not be conferred upon voluntary schools in this country. The power conferred by the Bill upon Board schools to remit the fees is sure to attract the poor, and thus unintentionally the disabilities from which after a long struggle we have been recently relieved in respect to prisons and workhouses, will be brought back upon Catholics. I trust that whatever the fate of this Bill, the children of this country will be educated in a way which will do no violence to religious principles, without acknowledging which no country can be, and certainly no country deserves to be, happy and prosperous."

This moderate, but at the same time resolute, speech records more faithfully than any words of mine could, the attitude he constantly maintained towards the subject of the education of the working classes. It explains the steady application and affection with which he plodded on year after year as chairman of the Catholic Poor School Committee, never losing an opportunity of assisting a cause which he felt in its sphere to represent the most vital interests of the country. He took a very warm interest, too, in the affairs of Reformatory Schools, and when in 1868 some narrow-minded persons tried to set the machinery of the law in motion against him for countenancing a bazaar in aid of the Liverpool Reformatory school, he asked the very pertinent question of the Attorney-General in the House of Commons, "Whether the learned gentleman thought the

penal clauses of the Lottery Act ought to be enforced in respect of the drawing of prizes for purely charitable purposes, for he had received a letter from the Treasury informing him that he was liable to a penalty of £500 for being connected with such an affair, and he found himself described under the Act 42 Geo. III. c. 119, as a rogue and vagabond?" He had been a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council since the year 1852, and it amused him not a little to think that "a most puissant prince of the House of Howard," "a right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin and councillor of the Queen," should with such modesty and facility have earned the title of "a rogue and vagabond."

Another instance of his solicitude for the poor was when, on the occasion of the Metropolitan Poor Bill, 1867, being under discussion, he moved that the House of Commons should agree to the principle of giving medical relief to persons who were not in a position to pay for medical advice without making them paupers or causing their homes to be broken up. The unfortunate consequences arising from the illness of the head of a family might be cut short in the beginning by such a receipt of medical relief, and the parish money might thus be saved, for it would then be unnecessary to receive not only the father, but the rest of the family, into the workhouse. He was much interested in all questions connected with medicine and sanitation, and many were the pleasant hours he spent with his friend, Dr. Noble of Manchester, in discussing these and kindred subjects.

Lord Howard had never been a poor man, for he had succeeded under his father's will to the valuable Glossopdale estate; still, when he first inherited this extensive property, most of which was moorland or covered with furze and stunted trees, it had a relatively small value. By judicious management and well-timed sales or leases for building or water-work purposes, he more than trebled his income during the years in

which he enjoyed his stewardship. He always looked upon a landlord as a steward—a steward in the first place to his own family, in the next to the country generally. He thought the noblest ambition of a landowner should be to promote the material comfort and moral welfare of those who lived on his property. To humanize the nation, not to nationalize the land, was his solution of the social problem. Over and above a general desire to do good, he had a shrewd eye to business. I remember well how he said one day with a certain abstracted air, as if he were talking to himself: “I think the most prudent course to pursue in the management of an estate at the present day is to dispose of it to advantage.” Upon another occasion, when a discussion was proceeding upon the probable effects of the ill-digested and unprincipled (in the sense of having no fixed principles) literature of the present day upon the masses, he gave it as his intimately cherished opinion that the study of the moral books of Scripture and of the writings of St. Paul would be found in the long run to be the soundest antidote to the wild unstable theories which seemed to him to threaten social and political order. “I should like to see little volumes such as the Books of Job, or Tobias, or Ruth, in the hands of our poor. How much happier and more prudent they would be if they read and re-read the writings of Ecclesiasticus, or the Proverbs of Solomon, or the warnings of the Preacher. There is the true wisdom, intelligible to the unlearned, though loftier than Plato and more practical than Aristotle, the true philosophy of life, as well as the echo of the Divine Word: “Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” No one who had the happiness of Lord Howard’s acquaintance found his ways other than those of pleasantness, and those who had the good fortune to cross his path, found it always a path of peace. This, I think, was the secret of his life.

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sight of his own door at Glossop. This was an anxious time for the manufacturing districts in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire. How nearly the country escaped a social revolution is best known to those patriotic men who devoted their energies to keeping within bounds a failure in production which at one time threatened to paralyze for ever one of the most important branches of national industry. It was during the debate on Mr. Ferrand's motion, April, 1863, that it is the duty of the Government to take into consideration without delay what measures may be necessary to relieve the distress which prevails in the cotton manufacturing districts, so that the people may no longer continue unemployed, that Lord Edward Howard came forward to defend the Lancashire landlords from the charge of having deserted the operatives. He showed that they had not been deserted by those who had raised a very liberal subscription, amounting to about £1,400,000 out of a total national subscription of £2,735,000; nor by that numerous and able body of men who had night after night sat upon local committees and discharged their onerous and delicate duties in such a manner as to entitle them to the thanks, not only of the operatives, but also of the country at large. The two great difficulties in the way of affording relief were how to find funds sufficient to employ labour, and the means of directing that labour in the most efficient manner. The men did not wish to live on charity, but were anxious to find honest employment. Landowners could not be expected to charge their estates to find the money, and he trusted in the wisdom of Parliament to carry on works in the distressed districts under Government authority and Government supervision. He did this himself on a most generous scale, making roads and reservoirs at Glossop to keep the starving people at work, when more selfish men would have left it entirely to the State to find a local remedy. He gave a proof of his sound principles of political economy by employing labour to produce permanent

results of public utility. When, in the month of June of the same year, Mr. Villiers brought in a Bill to facilitate the execution of public work in certain manufacturing districts, and to authorize advances of public money upon the security of local rates, Lord Edward supported the motion, thinking it very important that the Bill should be introduced, and its contents made known with as little delay as possible. He contended, moreover, that the operatives who were employed under the Bill ought not to be regarded in the light of paupers, but as persons who had suffered from misfortune and were willing to earn a livelihood by honest labour.

He took a warm interest in the Poor Law Amendment Bill of 1866, moved by Lord Bingham, to enable children in work-houses to be brought up in the religion of their parents. He represented that up to that time the children of poor Roman Catholic parents, not being recognized as such by the London unions, had no opportunity of receiving religious instruction up to the age of fourteen. This he considered a grievous injury to the sacred rights of parents, whose duty and privilege to rear their own offspring in harmony with their own convictions he esteemed to be the most inalienable right of mankind. He also gave a very hearty support to the O'Connor Don's Bill to amend the Prisons' Ministers Bill, which was to enable priests to visit convicts without their services having been actually demanded by Catholic prisoners, or even until they should have expressed no unwillingness to see them. It would be a grave error, in his judgment; if the State threw away any means of fostering the moral improvement of its citizens, and he thought it well that ministers of religion should have every facility, and be encouraged in their endeavours to soften the hearts and inform the minds of those whom error, passion, or misfortune had led astray from the paths of justice or sobriety.

Lord Edward contested Preston at the general election of 1868 without success, and was soon afterwards raised to the

peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Howard of Glossop, together with his friend Sir John Acton, who was created Baron Acton, shortly after Mr. Gladstone's advent to power. It was one of the disappointments of his later years not to be able to give a loyal support to the party to which he had hitherto belonged, and from which he had received this mark of appreciation. He thought he saw principles and persons represented in the Cabinet to the subversion of what he had always considered sound Liberal traditions, and in answer to a question which I had occasion to put to him in the summer of 1883, he answered "that it was with great regret that he had been unable for some years not only not to vote with his party, but not even to pair in their favour." He did not, however, go so far as to vote or speak in the House of Peers against measures which in his own favoured circle he could not refrain from condemning. In Irish as in English politics, Lord Howard felt that some of the hopes of his earlier life had been doomed to remain unfulfilled, and he was wont to recall with praise the career and character of his lamented friend, the venerable Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry.

As a practical farmer, Lord Howard did good service to his generation. He gave much of his time to reclaiming and draining land on his estates at Glossop and Dorlin, although he often came to the conclusion that he was perhaps burying gold in an unprofitable mine. Still he worked on, and his farm at Dally Lea, on the banks of Loch Shiel, shows what the industry and disinterestedness of one man can effect, even on the moist sunless coast of the West of Scotland. It is another proof of the generosity of his character, as well as of devotion to the Church of his forefathers, that the chief inducement which prompted him to acquire land in the Highlands, was to be able to serve the interests and promote the happiness of the poor Catholics of the Moidart district. When the first regulations were enacted to hinder the spread of the cattle-plague, his

farmer instincts were aroused, and he followed the different provisions of the Bill with care and judgment. He was anxious that the large towns with which he was connected, especially Manchester, should increase their accommodation for dead meat, since one of the results of the Bill (closing the cattle markets, and ordering compulsory slaughter of infected or suspected cattle), would be to lessen the supply of meat for the people, and he proposed that more frequent markets should be held.

In April, 1875, Lord Howard's second daughter, Angela, was married to the Honourable Marmaduke Constable-Maxwell, now Lord Herries ; and in February, 1880, his third daughter, Alice, was married to the Earl of Loudoun, brother to the Duchess of Norfolk. Lord Howard had acted as Deputy Earl-Marshal of England from the date of his brother's death in 1861 until the present Duke of Norfolk attained his majority in 1868. It was with very great satisfaction that he attended his nephew's wedding with the Lady Flora Paulyna Abney Hastings, which was celebrated at the Church of the Oratory in November, 1877 ; and he took hardly less pleasure in witnessing the marriage of the Duke's brother, Lord Edmund Talbot, with a daughter of the present Earl of Abingdon.

It was about this time that Lord Howard's health began to be seriously impaired ; an internal complaint, began to check his usual flow of spirits. During his lingering illness he had the consolation of giving his blessing to his only son, the present Lord Howard of Glossop, on his marriage with the only daughter of the late Mr. John Greenwood of Swarcliffe Hall, Yorkshire. Soon afterwards he went to spend the summer at Egypt House, Cowes. He enjoyed the soft breezes of the Solent, and the sight of the graceful yachts that studded the coast, the companionship and devoted care of his wife and daughters, and favourite niece, the Lady Phillippa Howard. It brought back many memories of his youth and early manhood

that were full of pleasure, not untinged with romantic recollections. But his strength failed, and he returned to his house in Rutland Gate to end a good life by a peaceful death on the 1st of December, 1883, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He succumbed to disease ; he paid the debt of Nature ; but in his life and character the proud motto of the Howard family suffered no diminution : *Sola virtus invicta*. It is remarkable that he was never heard to speak without regret a single word to the disparagement of another. He was buried with much solemnity in the fine church he had built at Hatfield, near Glossop. His son and daughters and more intimate relations, the Duke of Norfolk, the Bishops of Nottingham, of Salford, of Argyle and the Isles, laid him to rest by the side of his first-born son, and of the beloved mother of his children, five days after the grave had closed over the remains of his widow's eldest brother, the late Mr. de Lisle of Garendon, in whose welfare and misfortunes he had always taken a more than paternal interest.

Strengthened by the last solemn rites of his church, whose sacramental ministrations he had ever regarded with awe, and with a delicate consciousness of his own unfitness to be too frequently brought in direct communion with the Throne of Grace, he said at the last he was as happy as a dying man could be. With a sense of the beauty and value of living he passed away : "A man born prince of his brethren, the support of his family, and the stay of the people." The lasting characteristics of his unostentatious life may be written in a few words, for they are true : "He was a man, simple, upright, and he feared God."

EDWIN DE LISLE.

Among the Tombs.

ATTENTION has been directed lately to inscriptions upon tombstones. Having interested myself in this subject for some time, I should like to state the result of my researches, though I cannot flatter myself that they are of any historical or genealogical importance. But at least I may say of the epitaphs I quote that they are genuine, for I mention none that have not been seen *in situ* by myself, or by a friend of unimpeachable accuracy. Before attempting to classify the peculiar varieties I have met with, I may say that there is a good deal of fashion in epitaphs, and some churchyards are very rich in poetical outbursts ; others are not. In one place the same epitaph will be repeated a great number of times. Whether this points to the fact that man is in this, as in much else, an imitative animal, or that all the mourners had recourse to the same mason, whose store of poetry was limited, must remain an open question.

First, even in monotony may be great variety. The commonplace among epitaphs is the one beginning "Affliction sore long time I bore, Physicians all in vain," &c. Yet of this in my limited experience I have met with twenty variations. It would be interesting to know what is the real original, and who has the glory of having composed it. Some of the renderings are a little odd ; as for instance, "Affliction sore long time I bore Physicians," &c., in one line ; the next line beginning "All in vain, till death," &c., where the speaker must be supposed to have been the mother of medical men who turned out ill. One substitutes "medical aid," and another "provisions"

for "physicians." One states that they "where," and another that they "ware" in vain. "Physicians skill in vain" seems unintelligible, unless a superfluous "s" has crept into the text; if that be so, the statement is libellous. In the case where "Death should me cease" is put for the more usual "seize," the difference between a transitive and intransitive verb seems to have been for the moment forgotten.

A certain meagreness and misplacement of epithets is shown in "Kind mother dear, prepare and follow your kind dear son," where the son is supposed to be the speaker. Such lines as "She was—but words are wanting to say what: Think what a wife should be—and she was that"; or "Here lies the body of an honest man, beloved by all excepting none," would not be written by a poet of fastidious ear. Where spelling is frequently incorrect, trumpet is an occasion of stumbling. It appears once as "triumph," and another time as "trumpit"—"But when harkangel trumpit blow." Cavern appears as "craving;" but the prize must be awarded to "a nuff," as representing "enough;" "Farewell, vain world, I've had a nuff of thee." Lack of material occasionally produces a certain redundancy of expression, but not often such hopeless tautology as "A tender parent a tender father too as well."

Sometimes epitaphs are very personal, entering into biographical details.

"Beneath this stone lies the remain,
Who in Bromsgrove Street was slain;
A Currier with his knife did the deed,
And left me in the street to bleed."

Of one Captain Clark we seem to learn much. He was

"Master of a vessel all his own;
Houses and lands he had and gold in store;
He spent the whole, and would, if ten times more.
For twenty years he scarce slept in a bed:
Linhays and limekilns lulled his weary head,
Because he would not to the poor-house go;
For his proud spirit would not let him to."

After some other details of less interest we are told—

“ At last poor Harry Clark was taken ill,
And carried to the workhouse 'gainst his will ;
But being of this mortal strife quite tired,
He lived about a month and then expired.”

Of another it is written—

“ The vocal powers here let us mark,
Of Philip, our late Parish Clerk.
In church who ever heard a layman
With clearer voice say Amen ?
Who now with Hallelujah's sound,
Like him can make the roof rebound ?”

A third seems to advertise even after death. “ His virtues and his pills were so well known, That envy can't confine them under stone.” The “ vocal powers” of another were so great that he “ with the pealing organ well could vie.” His voice was bass : he could sing “ The Martial Fight,” “ The Love-sick Shepherd,” and “ The Woodman's Tale.” The epitaph ends with the pious hope that “ he now sings choruses above.”

Nor are these biographical details confined to men of lofty position, such as captains, clerks, and doctors. The merits of a postboy are not forgotten : after some general reflections of an edifying character, the poet says :—

“ Well could he drive the coursers fleet,
Which oft he'd drove before,
When coming round a narrow street,
He fell to rise no more.
No one commanded more respect,
Obliging, kind, and fair ;
None charged him with the least neglect,
None drove with greater care.
He little thought when he arose
The fatal fifth of June,
That morn his life's career would close
And terminate so soon.”

The idealizing mind of a true poet is seen in nothing more clearly than in describing hotel hacks as “ coursers fleet.” Of

a certain baronet we are told that "for several years he made his usual residence at H. Park, the romantic beauties of which place derived their chief embellishment from his correct taste. To this favourite spot after the busy scenes of an active life he retired to pass his declining years in the exercise of those mild and benevolent dispositions which so eminently marked his character." The epitaph ends with the following remarks, and marks :—" His death was deeply and universally lamented !!! His memory will ever be affectionately revered !!!" Of a captain who died in 1763 it is stated that he was "so temperate a man as never to have been seen intoxicated."

The language of metaphor is not uncommon. Deceased sailors are represented as speaking of their "bark," "canvas," "anchor," and their "admiral." One says that "the grave is as the fineing pot unto believer's eyes." Under this head might come language which is beautiful but not quite intelligible—"Bright, early, transient, chaste as morning dews she sparkled, was exhaled and fled to heaven." "The airy blaze shone for a moment and was seen no more, in whom every grace was protovarnished in an angel's face." "Candour, justice, charitie, In this corse did all agree To pronounce the underneath Elevated by her death." In sharp contrast are two neighbouring inscriptions. One says, "Here lies the grief of a fond mother and the blasted expectation of an indulgent father." The other, "Beneath the remnant of a female lies." Compliment seems to be on the verge of unreality when the question is asked :—

"Were't not more wisely done if with consent
We joined to batter down this monument?
Lest when the sorrowing poor lift up their eyes
They drown the voice o' th' preacher with their cries."

As might be expected, we meet with allusions to scriptural characters. One epitaph begins thus—"Here lyeth one of Abel's race, Whom Cain did hunt from place to place." This

man, it seems, had a hand in Charles I.'s death, and so fell on evil days after the Restoration, only escaping capture by the aid of powerful friends. Again, "The man of wisdom is the man of years ; in hoary youth Methusalem may die." Again, "Then was this English house of bondage happily exchanged for a heavenly Canaan." A fourth runs in this way, "A dame, O Lord, petitions thee to give her sons a eat ; I humbly ask a place for me to sit beneath thy feet." Underneath these lines is put—I suppose by way of foot-note, "The mother of Zebedee's children."

Other epitaphs exhibit a little classical knowledge. Thus, one Hannah "most comfortably departed hence in her child-bed, when she had brought forth (Phoenix-like) another Hannah." A man is said to be "tamquam alter Antæus, (non tam sepultus fuit quam lacrimis immersus)." Sailors talk of "Neptune," and "borroous." Latin lines contain unusual words, "Adamata," "discupit," "Stradlingus quidam burgi istius ter modo major erat." Mr. Stradling can hardly have been discontented after being thrice mayor of that borough. "Modo" must be only another form of the schoolboy "nunc." Ordinary rules of metre are disregarded : "Doloris lenimen" is a poor end for a hexameter ; nor is "venere te docuit" good as the second half of a pentameter ; but some phrases are happy : "Corpora divisit mors, sociavit amor," "ni charam flevero, marmor ero ;" "mundi pertæsa, matura cælo." The latter is not meant to scan ; nor is humour absent from "literata quidem conjux sed (quod mirum) non loquax."

I have said that the epitaphs which I quote can lay no claim to historical interest ; there is, however, an exception : of one it is written—

"Poor Tom come here to lie
From battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy
In 1743 and seventeen forty-five."

For metrical purposes the last two letters of "five" must be cut off; even then the rhyme is imperfect, unless "fi" is pronounced as "foi," according to the Lancashire custom. If the same process be carried out with "lie," the result is satisfactory, to say nothing of the epitaph's value as regards date. The hero survived till 1791.

One epitaph is of scientific and topographical interest; its date is 1780—

"Whose soul no doubt in heaven does dwell,
But where heaven is no man can tell;
Whether above or else below,
Or whether local, none does know.
For God is omnipresent known,
And height and depth are both but one;
For that which was below above is found,
By the earth's motion on its axis round."

If it be a fact that on a stone commemorating the death of a missionary in India at the hands of his native servant, the text chosen was the one beginning with the words "Well done," one can only say that the selection was unfortunate. This, however, does not come to me on the same irrefragable testimony as the rest. Nor am I sure of the genuineness of an epitaph which would be a triumph of cynicism were it authentic:—

"At three score winters' end I died,
A cheerless being sole and sad:
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had."

I will conclude this desultory paper with a prose epitaph that might serve as an example of anacolouthon: "He lived universally beloved, and died as generally lamented; but by none to be compared to that of his disconsolate wife, which nothing but the hope of meeting again can alleviate."

J. F. CORNISH.

Cat and Dog.

IN what is now called a part of London, a place, however, which within living memory was practically a detached village, happened the things which I am about to relate. Felsington—the name may serve our purpose—was at the time of the events to be narrated much what Chelsea had been some ten years earlier. One may still indeed find survivals of the notion of even Chelsea being a place apart from London; people still talk of going “into town” when they take a cab which lands them in Piccadilly in little more than a quarter of an hour; they are still “neighbourly,” interested with an interest far apart from and better than the interest born of gossiping curiosity, in the people who live near them, in the expectation and the fact of new arrivals. There is a pleasant mixture still left of country simplicity with town civilization; a mixture which avoids on the one hand the indifferentism of central town life, and on the other the jealous stickling for dignity which is to be observed in many country districts. This was to a great extent the case in Felsington when the Miss Van Voorsts, Dr. Cranch, and the Rev. Mr. Middleton were the chief personages of consideration in the place. They had all of them more or less belonged to it in the days when there was no railroad or hansom cab communication between it and London proper; when, for occasional purposes of shopping and sight-seeing, a fly was ordered to take the shoppers and sight-seers into town; and when well-to-do City men who lived within the same walls which contained their places of business were content with a little house in such a quarter as Felsington as a place for holiday time, thoughtless of grouse moors and deer parks. Such a man had been Mr. Van Voorst, who, dying, left the little

house and a more than comfortable income to his daughters, having made a handsome provision for a nephew, Andrew Van Voorst. Andrew had been in his youth a wild slip, in the sense that the spirit of vagabondage seemed always to be on him, and he had found at once a remedy for this disgrace and honour for himself in the service of the East India Company. When, later, Andrew was left an orphan, the uncle wrote and offered him a home with him in England, at the same time reminding his nephew of his cousins Euphemia and Ethel, and of certain boy and girl love-passages between Ethel and Andrew. At the date of this letter Ethel was a mere girl and Andrew was not much more than twenty-four years old. When the old gentleman had written this letter he felt very pleased with himself—so pleased that he wanted somebody to confirm his own good opinion of his behaviour; and so he went and told Ethel what he had done. This was not a very wise proceeding, for Ethel had ideas of her own, and one of the most fixed of these ideas was that she was the proper person to manage her own private affairs; and on this occasion the fact that she had what is called a sneaking kindness for Andrew perhaps rather increased than diminished her annoyance at her father's interference. If she had been left quite alone, if nobody had ever tried to influence her one way or the other, she might, if Andrew had put the matter before her, as he probably would have done, have come to believe that by far the best thing she could do would be to marry him. But the moment an idea, which was so latent in her that she was barely conscious of it, became suddenly somebody else's property, and was presented to her as somebody else's happy discovery, or rather happy deduction from grounds imprudently assumed to exist, *paf!*—the thing, so far as she was concerned, was at an end. She could not imagine what had possessed her father to do such a thing. It was unheard of. Certainly she liked Andrew well enough—as a friend—but now even that must be at an end. She was sorry, she

observed, in the quiet, almost meek, voice which she always assumed when she was most firmly bent upon any resolution, sorry to disappoint her father's hopes, ill-founded though they were ; sorry for Andrew, who, she believed, had just such a friendly feeling for her as she had for him (this, at least, was what she said she believed); not at all sorry for herself. No more need be said about it ; a mistake had been made ; and, well meant as it was, it was one that could not be corrected. When Mr. Van Voorst had heard, with dissatisfaction and disappointment, what his daughter had to say, he went back to his study, and, with the amazing infelicity that sometimes goes with extreme good-nature, he proceeded to make the mistake irrevocable indeed by writing another letter to Andrew, in which, with a blunt assumption of astute mystery, he begged Andrew to consider the former letter as *non avenue*. Andrew, who was accustomed to take things quietly, smiled at the first letter, frowned at the second, and finally laughed at his uncle's good-natured blundering. Euphemia, meanwhile, who suspected Ethel of something like a *tendresse* for Andrew, tried to read her a little lecture on her precipitate conduct—conduct which she said a philosophical mind could hardly approve—but got nothing for her pains beyond a gentle snubbing, which she had wit enough to see was the last word to be said on the matter.

Twelve years later the sisters, having lost and mourned their father, were living together in the manner and circumstances already indicated. Andrew was still in India and wrote occasionally to Euphemia. Ethel, who had refused several offers of marriage, sometimes annoyed Euphemia by the elaborately polite interest which she affected to take in his letters. One afternoon the somewhat sluggish current of life at the Red House, as the Miss Van Voorsts' dwelling was called, was broken by a visit from Dr. Cranch, who presently observed, " So, Miss Van Voorst, we are to have a new neighbour."

"Indeed," said Euphemia, with some interest. "Who is he?"

Dr. Cranch, who loved a mystery, did not at first reveal the stranger's name, but discussed the *pros* and *cons* of his arrival, even to the question of whether he might be a good hand at whist, at which juncture Ethel said, "As to that, you can always have a dummy game; you might teach Moroni to play—what do you say, Moroni?"

Moroni was a large and beautiful cat, the most beautiful cat of the many beautiful cats in Felsington, and, on being appealed to by Ethel, he humped up his back with slow dignity, and, after the manner of cats, "it lifted up his head, and did address itself to motion like as it would speak," but disdained to give any actual utterance upon a subject of so little importance.

"Even Moroni," said the Doctor, with a courteous bow in the direction of her cat, who was a distinct personage in the world of Felsington, and was well aware of his importance—"even Moroni, clever as he is, could hardly, I think, learn to play whist."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Ethel. "I believe he understands every word we say. But I daresay the new man will play better."

"Our expected neighbour," said Euphemia, with a look of reproach at Ethel for using such a phrase as the new man—"our expected neighbour——by-the-by, Dr. Cranch, who is he, and where is he going to live?"

"His name," said the Doctor, smiling to himself at having touched Euphemia's curiosity, "is Cooper, and he is going to occupy the house that old Mrs. Delaval lived in. Why he has come here," he added, maliciously anticipating another question, "is more than I can say."

Shortly after this Dr. Cranch went away, to be succeeded by the parson, who came full of the same story, and told it in much the same way; and a few days later Mr. Cooper made

his appearance in Felsington. His looks were, on the whole, in his favour—at least at first sight ; for his one bad feature—his mouth—was concealed by a moustache, and it was only when he twisted this up that a person watching him might have thought of the saying that the mouth is the one feature in a man's face that he makes for himself. Perhaps Mr. Cooper had not entirely made his own mouth ; there was an ill-bred as well as a vicious look about it when it was revealed to inspection. However, he passed muster with complete success at first. He played whist well, he talked well, and seemed bent on making himself agreeable, especially to Miss Ethel Van Voorst. After he had been about a fortnight in Felsington, Dr. Cranch called on the Miss Van Voorsts, and presently, as a matter of course, the conversation turned on the new arrival.

“ Well,” said Dr. Cranch, “ and how do you like our new neighbour ? ”

“ He appears to me,” replied Euphemia, “ a gentleman of prepossessing manners and address ; but it is not always safe to rely upon first impressions.”

“ And what do you think of him, Miss Ethel ? ” continued the Doctor.

“ I can hardly tell you. He doesn't like Moroni.”

In the course of the next few days Mr. Cooper became more and more assiduous in his visits and attentions to the sisters, and it was pretty plain that his interest was centred mainly in Ethel, whom he endeavoured to propitiate in every possible way. She began by tolerating and ended by liking his evident devotion. He was, as we have said, attentive in a showy way, and was far from being a fool. Before long he had managed to explain away his apparent dislike of Moroni, which had been expressed in a petulant pushing away of the cat when it came up to inspect him, as every good cat does come to inspect a new arrival in the house. He explained it away—that is, to the satisfaction of Ethel, but not to the satisfaction of Moroni

himself, who rejected all Mr. Cooper's hypocritical advances with polite but complete contempt. Whether this was due merely to the memory of past insult or to the fact that the vein of bad breeding in Mr. Cooper was more apparent to Moroni than to "the humans" around him, we need not perhaps inquire. So things went on for some little time. Mr. Cooper was a decided acquisition to the doctor and the parson, the latter of whom he once offended for a moment by slipping out an oath, for which, however, he at once apologized with a kind of hearty frankness that disarmed the clergyman's just wrath ; and he seemed to grow day by day in the favour of Ethel. His success—if success it was—in this way was not a little due to the imprudence of Euphemia, who, full of the wisdom of distrusting first impressions, once tried to institute a comparison between Mr. Cooper and Andrew. On this Ethel, with extra meekness of manner, observed that Andrew, an excellent person, was nothing to her ; nor, for that matter was Mr. Cooper ; but from that moment she encouraged the new-comer's attentions more than she had ever done before.

Presently Mr. Cooper was joined by a companion, and this companion was a dog, which he had left in the country to get over the remains of an attack of distemper, and which, when properly recovered, was sent on to Felsington. This dog, its name was Jack, was a singularly ugly creature. It was a half-bred bulldog, and differing from its master in having an unattractive countenance, it resembled him in having a bad mouth, which was at once ferocious and currish. Jack came with Mr. Cooper to the Red House, and having been told to stay in the garden, presently walked in through the open door. Euphemia started with undisguised disgust, seeing which Ethel addressed the dog in a friendly manner. Mr. Cooper angrily told him to go out, to which Jack responded by fixing a sullen stare upon Moroni and growling.

Moroni, on his side, humped up his back, growled, and hissed.

Mr. Cooper then kicked the dog out of the room, and apologized for his intrusion, saying that the dog was very fond of him, and that he was very fond of the dog, and proceeding to tell various strange stories of Jack's intelligence. These stories Euphemia listened to with astonished belief and interest. Ethel, disbelieving them, received them in silence, and said good-by to Mr. Cooper in her coolest manner.

Next day the parson's cat, which was a great favourite with his cook, was found dead in the roadway, with marks as of having been shaken and worried on its neck. The cook was in a fury, the parson in a state of disquietude, and naturally the question arose whether the cat had been killed by the new dog. Mr. Cooper, however, was full of sympathy and equally full of assurance that Jack could not have been guilty of such an act. He had observed a strange dog running about the place, and this strange dog was no doubt the culprit. Next day, however, another cat was killed, and next day yet another, and on this occasion of cat-slaughter Jack was seen in the act of dispatching his victim in so short a time that interference came too late.

There ensued a general remonstrance, and then Mr. Cooper's true character began to show itself. To him other people's cats were nothing, but his dog was everything ; and he replied to a friendly note of complaint, written in the name of all the inhabitants by the clergyman, by saying that he was sorry, but that his dog had a way of worrying cats if they came in his way. Mr. Cooper was still anxious to be well received at the Red House, and he called there with a view of making explanations and excuses for himself and his dog. Ethel, however, who had just before heard of his reply to the parson, treated him to a complete snubbing, and told him that she should take good care to keep Moroni out of Jack's way. She was cutting, and so cold that all Mr. Cooper's bad blood boiled within him, and he went away muttering the worst language to himself, and

leaving Ethel patting Moroni and assuring him that no nasty dog should get hold of him.

Unluckily, the very next evening, as Moroni, unwatched for the moment, was stepping daintily just out of the garden on to the roadway, a very nasty dog—Jack, indeed—did get hold of him and made an end of him there and then. Then, when the deed was discovered, there was weeping and lamentation and an outcry for vengeance in the Red House; and in the middle of all the agitation the maid, herself agitated and angry at Moroni's fate, announced Major Van Voorst—"Cousin Andrew," as Euphemia called him, trying to welcome him with a warmth of greeting which for once banished all idea of the philosophic mind. Ethel was too much occupied with painfully contemplating Moroni's corpse to give him more than an absent greeting, which in all the circumstances was hardly fit for the occasion. Andrew, however, a slight man with a quiet look and an exceptionally sweet voice and manner, took no notice, but proceeded to sit down as if he had only been away a few days, and talked first on indifferent matters, then on family affairs and his own adventures. He had lost an arm some time before in a hill-tribe skirmish, had got somewhat tired of Indian life, and had come back to England, perhaps for a time, perhaps for good, or, as he put it, perhaps for bad and all. He carefully addressed his conversation chiefly to Euphemia, and the result of this was that Ethel, getting more and more interested, and anxious to have her share in the talk, ended by resuming much the same kind of relations which had existed between herself and Andrew in their early youth. Presently the Major made some inquiries as to the dead cat, and was told the whole story of Mr. Cooper's arrival, of his many bad qualities, and of his subsequent iniquities by means of a deliberate narration begun by Euphemia and interrupted and ended by Ethel, who soon worked herself up into a rage which was infinitely becoming to her.

"Mr. Cooper, as I understand," said Andrew, with a sweet smile, when he had heard the story, "refuses to get rid of the dog."

"Brute!" was Ethel's only reply; and without inquiring for whom the word was meant, Andrew proceeded to say, "The dog is fond of worrying cats. I have a pet cat. I will bring it here to-morrow."

"Oh! Cousin Andrew! don't," said Ethel, imploringly.

"You would not like my pet cat to be killed?"

"I shouldn't like anybody's pet cat to be killed, least of all yours."

"Well, my pet cat shall not be killed."

"Can we not," said Euphemia, "appeal to the law? Is there no way of repressing this nuisance?"

"I think," said Andrew, with another sweet smile, "we may find a better way. I should like you to see my cat. I will call to-morrow."

So saying he shook hands warmly with Euphemia, and more than warmly with Ethel; and Euphemia was prudent enough not to mention his name after he had gone.

Next day a remarkable thing happened, which was witnessed by the Doctor, and afterwards reported by him to the Miss Van Voorsts.

At about twelve o'clock Mr. Cooper was standing in front of his house wearing a look of mingled sulkiness and defiance, teasing Jack to the verge of fury, and cuffing the poor beast soundly whenever he ventured to show any sign of natural irritation. Presently, however, Jack gave a low growl which was evidently not directed at his master, and Mr. Cooper, looking round, saw a little man with one arm coming down the road, accompanied by a large—a very large—cat, round whose neck was a light silver chain, the end of which was held by the little man. Mr. Cooper and Jack both began to wear a look of disagreeable satisfaction, but as the objects which had attracted

them came nearer, and then stopped still, both—and especially Jack—were puzzled. The cat was so very large and purred so loudly as its master stooped to scratch its head; and then also they observed that it wore a muzzle, a thing which neither Mr. Cooper nor Jack had ever seen on a cat before. However, it certainly was a cat, and the larger it was the greater would be the glory to Jack in finishing it off. This was Jack's view, and Jack's master, being heavy with a morning headache, and also still in a fiendish temper due to his treatment at the Red House, did not attempt to restrain the dog when he began to increase the loudness of his growl and make evident preparations for rushing on his victim. Just before the threatened rush the cat's companion slipped off the muzzle with a quick motion of his one hand, still retaining with much dexterity a hold on the chain, which was very long. Then there was a vision of Jack flying at the cat's throat, a growl from the cat louder than that of Jack's, a stroke from the cat's paw, a grasp of Jack's neck in the cat's mouth, and then there was an end of Jack. The cat seemed disposed to follow up this feat by attacking Jack's master, who stood astonished, but Andrew, speaking to it loudly in an unknown tongue, made it lie down while he put on the muzzle again, and then introducing himself with mock courtesy to Mr. Cooper, observed, "I am sorry that my cat has a way of worrying dogs if they come in its way."

He then went on to the Red House and presented his young puma to Ethel, who wanted to caress it, as the avenger of Moroni, with a liveliness which compelled Andrew to warn her against too much familiarity with it, as it was unconscious of its full strength, and might seriously injure a person to whom it desired to show nothing but affection. *Cætera quis nescit?* Euphemia, when the cousins' marriage was settled, as it was in a few weeks, paired off with the Doctor, and the life led by Ethel and Andrew was not what is generally understood by cat and dog.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

A Devonshire Relic.

IN the valley of the River Dart, midway between its rise amongst the bleak and lofty tors of Dartmoor and its picturesque and umbrageous opening into the Channel, a tract of verdant meadow lies between receding hills on the west and the river's winding course on the east; the treacherous and rapid Dart here leaps and flows over a rocky bed, its left margin bounded by steep cliffs and densely-wooded heights. In this secluded spot there came in the last quarter of the tenth century (a coin of Lewis V. of France, lately found amidst the Abbey ruins, carries us back to not long after A.D. 986)—a colony of black-robed monks* who then founded what afterwards became the great and wealthy Abbey of Buckfast† situate between the towns of Ashburton and Buckfastleigh.

By the evidence of Domesday Book, we learn that the Superior of Buckfast, Abbot Alwine, then owned considerable estates in Devonshire, some of which appear to have been received from King Canute. Amongst their subsequent benefactors was one Ethelward de Pomeroy, and the gules, lion rampant, of the Pomeroy found its place on several parts of the Abbey buildings. A deed of Henry II. is still extant confirming the abbey in its possessions, and this document

* It is not improbable that Buckfast was one of the many west-country abbeys which owed their existence or revival to the zeal of St. Dunstan. There is no doubt but that it was at first Benedictine, and was for a time affiliated to the Abbey of Savigny. For this and other facts relating to the ancient history of Buckfast I am indebted to an admirable work by Mr. J. Brooking Rowe, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c., entitled "Contributions to a History of the Cistercian Houses of Devon."

† Spelt variously in different documents, as Buckfestria, Bocfasta, Bugfasta, Bulfestre, Bulfestra.

bears the signatures of Theobald Archbishop of Canterbury, and of his successor, the martyr St. Thomas, as yet only a layman, and the King's Chancellor. At an uncertain period* after the middle or near the close of the twelfth century, the monks of Buckfast assumed the white habit of St. Bernard, and thenceforth till its suppression it ranked amongst the best endowed of our Cistercian Abbeys. Richard I. confirmed the possessions of these monks shortly before his departure for the third Crusade, and we have an order from his unworthy brother to the Abbot of Buckfast to deliver up whatever vessels and jewels might have been confided to him for safe keeping. In 1286 the abbot and monks became members of the Merchants' Guild of Totnes, and there is evidence that the Abbey helped to support the hospital of St. John, at Exeter.

Amongst the Abbots of Buckfast may be mentioned one William Slade, who was Abbot in 1414—a distinguished theologian, spiritual guide, scholar, and artist, who added greatly to the convent library. In 1421, a dispute having arisen between the then Abbot, Beaghe, and the monks, an award was given by certain arbiters, and solemnly read in the chapter-house. It was thereby settled that the Abbot was to entertain guests and strangers according to the ancient and worthy usage of the Abbey, and that the servants of the monastery were to wait upon them according to his instructions. It was also decided that the Abbot, being advanced in years and much crippled by disease, should no longer interfere in the house except at the request of the Prior and others, and it was further stipulated that he should not obtain privileges or exemptions from Rome to the detriment of the Order. On the other hand he was to receive an annuity (of £40?), paid

* The Abbey of Savigny (with which Buckfast became connected, and which was the parent of the abbey founded by Raoul de Fugeres and John de Landere in 1112) became Cistercian in 1148, when its fourth Abbot surrendered the house and its dependencies into the hands of St. Bernard. Some of the English houses affiliated to Savigny were disinclined to follow this example.

quarterly, and his travelling expenses were to be borne by the convent when he went out on business connected with his dignity as Abbot; while if he rode outside the monastery for his own recreation, he was to be accompanied by a proper retinue, but at his own expense.

It is doubtful whether or not there was an abbot named Pomeroy in the year 1500. It would be an interesting fact if a representative of the Abbey's ancient benefactors was among the last of its rulers. Its very last ruler was one Gabriel Donne, or Downe, first a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and subsequently a Cistercian monk at Stratford. He was employed by Cranmer and others to apprehend Tyndale, and appears to have been the author of a plan which resulted in Tyndale's capture and death. In 1536 he was made Abbot of Buckfast, by King Henry VIII., who employed for the ruin of the house that singular combination of unscrupulousness as to ends, and legality, when possible, as to means, for which he was so remarkable. In two years after his forced election, Donne carried out the intentions of his patron by surrendering the Abbey, thus breaking his recently made oath and violating his sacred trust in the interest of his Sovereign's rapacity. For this act the sacrilegious perjurer was richly rewarded. He received an annuity of £1800 of our money, with the rectory of Stepney *sine cura*, and was made first a prebendary and then a canon residentiary of St. Paul's, with episcopal jurisdiction in the city and diocese.*

At the time of the surrender there were but ten monks† in the Abbey, and six of these were still receiving pensions in

* He died in December, 1558, and was buried before the high altar of old St. Paul's. By his will he founded a scholarship at Cambridge, which still exists, and is called "The Gabriel Downe's Scholar." His arms, *azure, a wolf rampant (!) a chief argent*, are still to be seen on the roof of Trinity Hall Chapel.

† Their names were: Arnold Gye (Prior), John Cowle, John Watts, Richard Taylor, William Shapcott, Matthew Pryston, Richard Splat, Thomas Gylle, William Avery, and John Doyge.

1553. The Abbey and lands were first granted by King Henry to Sir Thomas Dennis. In 1629 they belonged to Sir Richard Baker, the historian. They then passed to the family of the D'Oleys, when the lands were divided. The Abbey's site was bought by a Mr. Berry, who sold it to Mr. William Searle Benthall, and it was, till quite lately, held by Mr. James Gale, of Plymouth. The arms of the Abbey present an example of that play upon words technically called a *rebus*, of which the mediæval men were so fond. The arms of Buckfast display a *buck's* head made *fast* by means of an abbatial crozier. They are : *Sable, a crozier in pale, argent, the crook, or, surmounted by a stag's head caboshed, of the second, horned, gules.*

Very few remains of the old Abbey now exist, yet enough to show the vitality of the institution almost to its suppression. The most important relic which survives is a handsome and substantial tower of four storeys, popularly known in the neighbourhood as the Abbot's Tower. It is in the Perpendicular style of architecture, and therefore shows that building went on almost till the Abbey's final despoliation. It is quadrangular, with a curiously irregular stair-turret at one angle, and a still more interesting superimposed series of small chambers at another. The land of the Abbey remained uninhabited till 1806, when its owner raised the now existing house on the site of, and with materials derived from, the old Abbey buildings. He built in the best Gothic of his day, and the house, with trifling changes of here a door and there a window, may pass even now as a fairly good Gothic building. Elsewhere a number of fragments of walls and foundations, and two venerable arches—the north and south gateways—still remain. But it is this Abbot's Tower, so well preserved as to be easily again made habitable, which forms the really material survival of the ancient Abbey of Buckfast. A few words may now be said as to its juridical and spiritual survival.

Amongst the old documents connected with the Abbey, still

extant, are several which relate to lawsuits about water-courses, fisheries, and other matters concerning abbatial rights and privileges. The late owner, Mr. James Gale, with much labour and at no small cost, maintained and re-established various of these old traditional rights. One of these was the right to form, from the river, a fish-pond for the Abbey's use at any part of the property; another was the obligation of a neighbouring mill-owner to keep in repair a certain water-course, and to sustain in good order a bridge over the Dart, although it rested with the Abbey's owner to do away with the bridge altogether at his pleasure. There were, beside other privileges, curious examples of juridical survivals.

As to things spiritual, since the monks of the sixteenth century died out, they have, as readers are probably aware, been generally represented in England by some members of the majority of the old Orders, and the Benedictines especially have never altogether failed out of the land. Conservative in the midst of change, in spite of the ruin and depopulation of the abbeys, and in spite of the introduction of a new hierarchy of only one province by Pius IX., the Benedictines of the English congregation both still elect their titular Abbots of Westminster, Glastonbury, &c., and also still maintain and belong to both the two old provinces of *Canterbury* and *York*. As to new Benedictine creations in England, there is the Priory of Belmont, near Hereford, with its rich church of dressed ashlar within and without, where the Divine Office is again day by day solemnly chanted. There is also Downside, with its noble cloister and stately minster, slowly rising, with transepts now completed. Cistercians again have a home in England; their white habit is once more to be seen amidst the black hills of Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, where the mitred Abbot of St. Bernard's Abbey adheres to the austere Cistercian rule with rigid accuracy. The Carthusians, the Protomartyrs of King Henry, have again a home in Sussex, where also the

Premonstatensians represent near Arundel the former inhabitants of Bayham Abbey, near Erant. Nevertheless, our old monastic ruins all remain in their desolation. For two hundred and fifty years, indeed, our abbeys had passed through many forms of destruction, when they began to benefit, through the havoc wrought in the old Christian monarchy of France, by the unchaining of revolutionary passions. For then it was that the generous reception accorded by England to the persecuted priests of the Gallican Church, began a movement amongst us which has resulted in that tender, almost religious, care with which our old monastic remains are now in general so scrupulously preserved.

Meantime, in France the flow of irreligion abated, and little by little there first appeared here and there a few tender shoots, and afterwards a vigorous upgrowth of renewed religious life. Amidst the early days of this second spring, on the 24th of April, 1809, there was born of a peasant family, at the little village of Vireaux, in the diocese of Sens, one John Baptist Muard. As a boy his piety was remarkable, and by his perseverance in it he overcame the great reluctance his parents entertained to his embracing a clerical career. In 1823 he entered the Junior Seminary of Auxerre, and led for years after his ordination the life of an exemplary secular priest. This life, however, did not satisfy him. It seemed to him that he was called to an emphatically religious life, and such a life he attained first in one form, and afterwards in another and more complete one. At the outset of his religious career he succeeded in restoring the venerable Abbey of Pontigny. He thus became closely connected with England through its saints, for Pontigny sheltered for a time the exiled Thomas à Becket ; while enshrined in its church lay, and still lies, the body of St. Edmund Rich, whose name he associated with his first religious fraternity.*

* The Pères de St. Edmé.

Père Muard felt, however, that he was yet far from having attained his ideal. His Edmundian Fathers were not real *monks*, and his desire was to be one of a company of monks at once austere, learned, and practical.

Seeking light, he first made a prolonged retreat at the Cistercian monastery of Septfonds, and then, with his bishop's approval and blessing, set out with two companions on a pilgrimage to the Holy See. He repaired to the revered sanctuary of Subiaco, where its abbot placed at his disposal the hermitage of St. Lorenzo. Here he passed in tranquillity and earnest prayer the latter part of the revolutionary year of 1848, and then went on to Monte Cassino, where the love he had already conceived for the Benedictine life became augmented and matured. After paying his homage to the Pope at Gaeta, Père Muard returned to France, and, with some chosen companions, took up his abode in a desert tract known as Morvan, in the diocese of Sens, and there founded the abbey afterwards known as that of "Pierre-qui-Vire."

It was on October 3, 1850, that he and his disciples put on the Benedictine habit and took their vows, and five years later his company was canonically affiliated to the Reformed Benedictine Congregation known as the Cassinese, of primitive observance. Before this, and after a few years passed in the most edifying manner, Père Muard died on June 19, 1854.

Such was his reputation for heroic virtue, and so many and so noteworthy were the favours obtained through his intercession, that the preliminary steps to his beatification have been undertaken, and so far carried through successfully, by the French bishops.

From the monastery he founded there arose four others in France and one in North America. A sixth French house was just starting into existence when the recent suppression of the religious orders in France took place. The expelled Benedictines of Pierre-qui-Vire, with the novices of the congregation,

under the vigilant and zealous direction of their prior, Father Thomas, found a temporary resting-place at Leopardstown, in Ireland. But that country was not destined to be their permanent abode. They had to do work more in accordance with the tradition which the Père Muard had instituted. He had begun his apostolic career by restoring, as has just been said, the venerable house of Pontigny, and his disciples afterwards restored the historic Abbey of St. Benoit-sur-Loire, in the diocese of Orleans. It was reserved for his expatriated children to regain, and, it is to be hoped, to re-edify a third, yet more venerable and to us far more interesting, monastic relic.

In the month of September, 1882, news came to them in Ireland that an old English abbey could be obtained by purchase. Without the loss of a single day they determined to see it, and set out to carefully inspect it. They came to Buckfast, approved of it, and bought it,* and on the 28th of the following month a community of Benedictine monks once more took possession of the forlorn and long-deserted abbey on the Dart, and on the next day Mass began to be said.

Thus, for the first time since the expulsion of Abbot Fecknam from Westminster, have Benedictine monks regained possession of an ancient English abbey, and it is one of the most venerable of them all which is thus the first to be restored. Moreover, the continuity with the fact thus brought about is not only spiritual and material, but even *juridical*. For this old England of ours, at once so Conservative and yet Liberal, is so tenacious of old customs, that the monastic community thus re-installed near Totnes enters at once into possession of the former owner's legal claims ; and thus it comes about that the present Prior of Buckfast actually now enjoys those old abbatial privileges which the late proprietor, as has been already mentioned, succeeded in re-establishing.

* The deed of purchase bears date the 19th of June, 1883, which was also the anniversary of Père Muard's death.

As to *material* continuity, that is secured by the preservation and scrupulously careful restoration of the Abbot's Tower. Once again have its venerable walls vibrated to the midnight bell of the Christmas Mass and to the joyful *Pange lingua* of the Corpus Christi procession. Material continuity is also to be further secured by the buildings which the present community contemplates erecting.

Taking the style of their Abbot's Tower as their architectural key-note, their great desire is to build a noble abbey, simple as regards the monastery, rich and ornate as regards the church, the choir of which they wish to be spacious enough to give room for the stalls of sixty monks; one cloister should be for the professed religious, and another for the novices. They wish first to build a chapter-house, library, refectory, dormitories, and work-rooms for the various handicrafts (including bookbinding, and, it is hoped, book-printing) which the monks themselves carry on. In all the externals of religion the present community desire to renew the broken links in the chain of old English monastic life, and in Church furniture, vestments, and ritual, to follow the old models, and to really be what their neighbours deem them to be, "the old monks come back again." The rood is to be raised upon their ample rood-loft, whence their sermons will be preached. Even in their temporary church there will be stalls for thirty-six religious, with a rood-screen and loft, all simple in character, but of excellent design. They hope also to be furnished with a temporary high altar, perfectly in harmony with the strictly mediæval appliances of Divine worship, which they are gradually acquiring, and trust by degrees to be able exclusively to use. In matters external, as well as in their life, they strictly carry out the old ways. They wear the large monastic tonsure, and not only have the habit of St. Benedict, but keep to the letter of his rule. Thus in the details of daily life, as well as in faith and doctrine, we have here complete spiritual continuity also. Like the old

monks, the present religious of Buckfast abstain perpetually from meat, and equally so when compelled to be out of their monastery, as when within its walls. Solemnity and good order in all that regards Divine worship is one special end of their institute. Daily they rise at two o'clock to mattins, and daily tierce and vespers are sung, and the whole office is sung on the greater feasts, instead of being, as on other days, in monotone. Study and manual labour both enter into their life. Preaching is hereafter also to form a part of it, not in imitation of preaching friars or the missionaries of more modern Orders, but in accordance with old Benedictine tradition. They contemplate sending out at intervals small companies of religious, to preach and sing, and solemnly celebrate the Divine mysteries, in places where Catholic worship and doctrine are unknown.

Although now, as before in the days of St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and St. Francis, the new community which has thus come amongst us consists mainly of foreigners, yet the Buckfast monks are of several nationalities. The Prior, the Reverend Father Thomas Depérou, belongs to the very ancient and honourable race of Basques, and he is aided in his labours by a Scotch father possessed of experience, erudition, and good taste. To those who share the religious faith of these good fathers their advent cannot be devoid of interest, and to such they may appeal with confidence for sympathy and aid. But not to them alone. There are very many members of the Anglican Church who will feel hearty sympathy with and be, we would fain hope, right willing to help on the good work of restoring Buckfast Abbey, a work to which antiquarians and the lovers of history and of ecclesiastical antiquity can hardly be indifferent. To all persons belonging to the categories just mentioned the utility of the new establishment must be apparent. But indeed an appeal in favour of the Abbey on the ground of its utility may reasonably be made to all persons who are Theists, even if they do not share in any distinctively Christian

belief whatsoever. For such persons must see how miserably deficient are most of their fellow-men in the amount of praise and thanksgiving they render to the Author and Sustainer of all life. . No thoughtful man while admiring the beauties of creation or enjoying the multifold benefits which spring from the harmonious co-ordination of its parts and powers, can but feel impressed with the insufficiency of his own acts of grateful recognition and reverent homage. To one so impressed, the knowledge cannot be unwelcome, that there is a new community of men in the land, whose whole lives are set apart to atone for and supply the neglects of others. Neither can it be unwelcome to him to know that he may in some measure make up for that in which he has hitherto been lacking, by generous efforts in support of those who thus give forth a continual tribute of praise and thanksgiving. Day and night, whilst their fellow-citizens are engaged in the laudable or blameworthy pursuit of gain or pleasure, there may be heard at Buckfast those venerable canticles of the Hebrew Psalmist which have for so many centuries given articulate expression to the highest emotions of the best men of so many nations. Should some hasty objector be inclined lightly to value vicarious good works, let him for a moment consider what weight he would attach to vicarious evil works. *Qui facit per aliam facit per se* cannot be applied to ill-doing only, and the spontaneous common-sense of mankind recognises the debt we owe to those who aid us by causing others to do us good. And if these considerations apply to "thanksgiving," they apply no less to "intercession." The number of men in England who disbelieve in the efficacy of all prayer is small indeed. But even avowed Agnostics cannot deny its good results, or they would thereby renounce their system. They cannot be sure that by gaining the prayers of good religious, they will not benefit themselves and those dear to them. All Englishmen then, whether Agnostics, Theists, or Christians of what-

ever grade, must recognise the possible, probable, or certain utility of the special restoration now in progress, while that has special claims on the lovers of history, antiquity, and art. Very large, then, must the number be of those persons who will be glad to learn the here-stated facts concerning the renewed vitality of this relic of the old religious life of Devon, and who will hail with satisfaction the old Abbey of Buckfast, as it once again takes its place in the annals of the Church in England.*

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

* Since the above was written, the exertions of a committee, of which Lord Clifford of Chudleigh is chairman, have begun the restoration of the Abbot's Tower. This will be carried on, and with scrupulous accuracy, under the care of Mr. F. A. Walters, architect, and it is to be such, if possible, that if one of the old abbots could return he should recognize it as being just as it was. A much more important work has also been effected by the same committee, with the help of a small grant from the Society of Antiquaries—the thorough exploration of the foundations of the ancient Abbey buildings which turn out, most providentially, to be entirely within the land purchased by the monks, and also of such small dimensions as to be just suited to the wants of a modern community such as that now at Buckfast. It is also fortunate that these old foundations are placed very conveniently with respect to the modern house. They are in excellent condition for rebuilding on, and £3000 will be saved on the work of re-edification, which it is hoped may soon be begun. These ancient foundations are those of a church, a little over 200 feet long by 55 broad. There are transepts, which extend 85 feet from north to south; there is a square east end with chapel to the rear of the high altar. The cloisters have also been explored, and each side is 95 feet long by 12 feet broad. The sacristy, chapter-house, pantry, lavatory, refectory, and kitchen have also been discovered; while the house of the lay brothers appears to have occupied the site of the existing house and space beyond it. Altogether, nothing could well be more auspicious and encouraging than the works thus far carried out.

The Demon of the Pit :

A BALLAD OF THE BOARDS.

IF you chance to make a sally
Through the region of Soho,
You may pass a frightful alley
That is known as Eden Row ;
And among the children playing
On the cobble pavement there,
There is one that's worth surveying,
For she's really very fair.
She's a perfect darling—bless her !
And she has such charming ways
That the passers-by address her
With a word or two of praise ;
And enthusiastic stoppers
Are occasionally known
To present the child with coppers—
Having darlings of their own ;
Whereupon she'll call her cronies,
Who are always pretty near,
And invest in proud polonies,
Or imperial ginger-beer :
She will call her friends and cronies,
Who make answer with a cheer,
And invest in proud polonies,
In the fat and fair polonies,
In the rich and rare polonies,
Or imperial ginger-beer.

So when next you're not too busy,
Let me beg of you to go,
And inquire for little Lizzy
In her grimy Eden Row ;
You will find her, sweet and dimply,
On a doorstep sitting down,
And she'll look an angel simply
In her short and shabby gown.
Now I fancy few, if any,
Who have seen my little pet,
And have tipped her with a penny,
Which she laughed aloud to get,
Have imagined for a second
That this charming little fay
Must decidedly be reckoned
Quite a " woman of the day.'
It has never crossed their fancy
For a moment, I'll engage,
That the child was Miss Delancy
Of the Pandemonium Stage—
It would never cross the fancy,
If one pondered for an age,
That the child was Miss Delancy,
The surprising Miss Delancy,
The prodigious Miss Delancy,
Of the Pandemonium Stage.

Though herself no hint affording
Of the footlights' lurid flame,
Each adjacent shop and hoarding
Is emblazoned with her name :
See—" Aërial flights of fancy !
Pyrotechnic blaze of wit !
With Miss Juliet Delancy
As the Demon of the Pit !

Though the boldest might have faltered
 At an outlay half as large,
 Yet the prices are unaltered—
 There will be no extra charge!
 Amid plaudits loud as thunder,
 And emotion past control,
 The astounding Infant Wonder
 Will sustain her famous rôle.
 In a *mise* where all entrances,
 The most unexampled hit
 Is Miss Juliet Delancy's,
 As the Demon of the Pit;
 While the *tout ensemble* entrances,
 It is owned the choicest grit
 Is Miss Juliet Delancy's—
 The enormous Miss Delancy's,
 The astounding Miss Delancy's,
 As the Demon of the Pit!"

* * * *

While the eye delighted ranges
 Through the halls of dazzling light,
 Lo! the scene by magic changes
 To the rayless realms of night.
 Through the caverns weird and gloomy
 Of that Stygian world below,
 You may see (the stage is roomy)
 All the marshalled goblins go.
 Then the lights burn dim and bluely,
 And the music dies away,
 And the thunder rumbles truly
 In a very awful way.

There's a yet more frightful rumble,
There's a chord from wind and strings,
And the goblins prostrate tumble
As their chief before them springs.
You may hear John whisper Nancy—
And they tremble where they sit—
"It's Miss Juliet Delancy
As the Demon of the Pit."
You may hear him say to Nancy—
And his accents shake a bit—
"It's Miss Juliet Delancy,
The enormous Miss Delancy,
The astounding Miss Delancy,
As the Demon of the Pit!"

So until the opening closes,
With just here and there a pause
Miss Delancy flits and poses
'Mid tumultuous applause ;
While a matron, short and snuffy,
With a face that's not unkind,
And a cold that's always stuffy,
Waits resignedly behind.
See ! the supers nudge each other,
And the fairy tells the gnome
"That there's Miss Delancy's mother,
As will stay to take her 'ome."
So at ten, or shortly after,
While the monstrous little Joe
Is evoking shrieks of laughter,
They are trudging to Soho.
Then they've something light to dream on,
And the childish prayer is said,
And the weary little Demon
Goes contentedly to bed.

They have tripe, as light to dream on,
Or it may be chops instead,
And the weary little Demon—
Not at all a wicked Demon,
But a sleepy, blinking Demon—
Is put quietly to bed.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A Bachelor's Solace.

THE undoubted fact that the practice of reading in bed is by all the world accounted a vice, does not much disturb the conscience of those to whom it has yielded many hours of enjoyment. Whisper but a word in defence of the habit, and at once every anxious mother, every nervous aunt, every solicitous sister is in arms. But I can smile upon all the hostile array, saying to them, "Oh ye aunts and sisters of other people, I have none such. The light shining through the cranny between my door and the floor reminds no one who cares that I am still awake. My housekeeper, it is true, learns by the length or shortness of my candle in the morning how many hours I passed over-night in the society of the volume I left lying on my dressing-table; but she knows as well as I what is good for my mental health, and for my temper, and the discovery by no means disturbs her. For whom, then, should I feel solicitude lest my mode of passing the first hours of the night should distress them or endanger them?" The answer comes promptly: "For yourself!" "Pardon, ladies. I am incessantly solicitous for that individual, and I know how best to usher in the hours of sleep that my dreams may be peaceable, and my awakening timely." In the end I am abandoned by my counsellors to my evil ways. They wash their hands of me.

It is urged, and often perhaps with truth, that the practice of reading in bed induces a habit of wakefulness at night. But the objection touches me not, and for two reasons: First, because I affect literature of a kind that is not unhealthily exciting; and secondly, because I never break my golden rule of welcoming the first approach of drowsiness. He who

rebut sleep in order to finish a chapter is not of my brotherhood. I would deny to him the privilege of reading in bed. For, sung by all poets, loved without praise by all inarticulate mortals, whether babe or boor, attendant and fosterer of health from infancy to age, sleep is the most precious as it is the most universal of all the blessings of men. Yet she is an implacable goddess. Who knows not the blank dreary nights in which she avenges herself for rebuffs? "Glamis hath murdered sleep, the innocent sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more." Let the student speak, who has striven to lengthen the hours available for work by robbing them from the realm of slumber. Or hear the harder case of him whose day's labour has not sufficed to buy him leisure to rest, and who has given to toil a space of the night which is due to dreams. At length, his labour done, he goes to pay his tardy sacrifice to sleep. Alas! his pillow knows her no longer. The chamber of dreams is become the chamber of flitting phantoms born of the work too late relinquished, and the closed lids are no curtains of sleep, but windows that enclose a myriad buzzing, incongruous and untamable thoughts. He cries on sleep, but she is unappeasable; and the dawn enters the room ere she has visited it. Verily, she is an implacable goddess. Therefore, if she stoop toward me, breathing heaviness as of spices upon my eyelids, what matter though there be yet a third part of a chapter to finish? The book is laid aside; the eyelids are drooped for her kiss, and all is made hushed and holy for her gracious incoming, that so she may feel herself preferred before all rivals, and be willing not to lift from my head the shadow of her wings till night's shadow too has been lifted from the earth.

Thus, then, do I make certain that my habit shall not tend towards insomnia. So far, indeed, am I from experiencing this effect from it, that were I in fear of so suffering, I should regard my friend, a good book, as my best ally against that

subtle foe. The first hours of recumbence are, to many persons, the hours in which they live through, a second time, all the troubles of the day. That harassing interview, which upset all peace of mind for at least the morning, has to be endured once more ; a ghostly voice whispers the opponent's part, and the would-be sleeper reassumes his own, and suffers indescribably from the clear vision he then has of lost opportunities for retorting with the most triumphant and conclusive rejoinders ; he frames, with an easy volubility unknown to him in the hours of daylight, replies the very eloquence and force of which would have left him undisputed master of the field ; and he reflects with humiliation and exasperation that such would hardly be a fair description of his position when he parted from his adversary, and that the occasion for establishing it will never recur. In those first hours, too, the mind is apt to project itself into the future, laden with untold anxieties, and fertile in many expedients ; resolutions are taken with indomitable fortitude, and then, all settled, an easier position in bed is assumed—only to change the current of thought, and to show quite infeasible the action determined upon. So the whole battle has again to be fought, and sleep descends finally upon a harassed and hesitating brain. I, reading my pleasant book, am quite content to have let Mr. Brown depart with the verbal advantage on his side ; and can, with a quiet conscience, take a fatalistic view of the future, believing that what will be, will be, whether I toss and turn in restless solicitude, or take my ease when it offers.

A bachelor of my disposition passes many evenings in the sole society of a book. To me the pleasure of opening a parcel of new books is as exhilarating as a walk in a new country ; and having once fastened on a volume, I am loth to lay it aside till I have got the pith out of it. As it grows late, I often feel that the absorbing interest with which I was reading an hour ago has become dulled ; the wit of my author fails to amuse, or

his profundity escapes me. I find myself re-reading passages with a laboured attention ; my eyes begin to remind me that it is only by their help that I can read at all, and that it is of no use in the world to hold up my book before them when the eyelids have fallen. In other words, I have become drowsy, and have to confess it even to myself. There is nothing for it but to go to bed. I close the window, make all fast, turn out the lamp, ascend, undress, bathe my hands and face, and lie down in bed—to sleep ? Bah ! I am now as wide awake as when I rose this morning ; nay, more so. My whole desire is to know what my author is going to make of that position which half an hour earlier had seemed of too little interest to keep me awake. Shall I waste the interval of time that must pass ere my eyelids again grow heavy ? Absurd—nay, blamable. Here is the page, turned down ; and now let sleep and my author make a race of it between them. I am neutral.

One main difficulty which troubles the reader-in-bed is connected with the light. I suffered much as a schoolboy from this cause. My bed was at the end of the room farthest removed from the gas, and my bed-head turned away from it ; so that the beam fell not on my page, but on my eyes, and I had to hold my book in a position excruciatingly awkward. But worse than this inconvenience was the necessity to arise, when drowsiness came, to turn out the gas. Uninviting in the summer, in the winter this duty became intolerable ; and the very thought of stepping out from between the warm blankets into the nipping air was enough sometimes to induce me to cheat myself into the belief that I was not yet drowsy—till it was too late. For all unawares my eyes had closed, and I was fast asleep. But my bent, strong as an animal's inherited instinct, finally enabled me to overcome both difficulties. I laid my pillow at the foot of the bed, so that the light fell on my page ; and I arranged a system of string-pulleys attached to the tap of the gas-pipe, by means of which I could put out

the light without rising. The complexity of this gear was such that it occupied me five or ten minutes each night to fix, and somewhat less next morning to remove; and on certain occasions I can remember that, through some defect in the arrangement, the leverage failed to act on the tap, and I have had to leap across the room to turn it with my hands, and then back again in the dark and bitter air of a January night. The fact that I either overcame these obstacles, or endured them when invincible, will prove that my luxury had already become to me a necessity. But, indeed, the passes and the straits to which a man will allow himself to be reduced before relinquishing this delight would make a long story.

For the reader whose equanimity is easily ruffled by anything that disturbs his perusal of his favourite literature, there is no time so propitious as the hour of lying down. Then, if perchance he "assay the bitter sweet of the Shakspearian fruit," and is listening to Hamlet crying to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery," he has no fear that his housekeeper will rap at his door and enter with an announcement that the laundress has called for her account. Neither, when he is in fancy standing with Dante in the nether shades, and giving ear to the lamentation of Francesca, will he be apprehensive of his neighbour running in to show him his new bull-dog.

No, at that hour, and in that place, when all the rest of the house is dark, one may count on peace, if ever or anywhere. Milton knew it:—

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
Nightly I visit
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note.

And again—

Thou (Urania)
Visit'st *my slumbers nightly*.

Keats knew it ; and he shows us the right temper in which to meet sleep, without wasting the hours or moments preceding her approach. He sings till sleep hushes his voice. Listen :—

O soothest sleep, if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes ;
Or wait the Amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities.
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

F. WYVILLE HOME.

The Early Medicus.

ARS longa, vita brevis—the complacent *dictum* of the scholiast—seriously considered as a worthy motto for the healing profession, might in one aspect justify the irreverent rendering, “Brief life is here the patient’s portion.” This, of course, is from the point of view of the healthy scoffer who would “throw physic to the dogs,” not from that of the superstitious devotee. But by the impartial and only curious student of the ways and means of life in bygone ages, the question may be more fairly approached from a standpoint that is purely critical. The study of physical science may indeed be meritorious by reason either of the profundity or dignity of the subject; but when we study the history of the early medicus, we feel that we may well dispense with such accessories to the practice of medicine as the ceremonious parade of all the paraphernalia of a witch’s sabbath, or an elaborate display of astrological erudition.

Our Saxon ancestors, however, were devoted to a medical science whose mysteries were not altogether untinged with idle superstition and debased cruelty. Their system appears to have been divided into three branches, “leech-dom,” “star-craft,” and “wort-cunning.” The first of these, in one aspect, contained the principles of general practice, and in another those of comparative anatomy. The “anatomy,” however, was of a practical character, and was cultivated in the interests of the professional dispensary, consisting as it did of the butchery of nearly every species of indigenous animal—wolf, boar, fox, badger, hare, mole—together with a fair sprinkling of fish, fowl, and reptiles. All of these were skilfully taken and quartered, or simply bled to death, and their essential organs removed, either for imme-

diate desiccation in conjunction with appropriate herbs and simples to form a poultice or healing "mash;" or else for ultimate preservation in the shape of a pickled "charm."

In those early days when half England was forest, and wild creatures might be captured at once with pleasure, ease, and profit to the natives, it was extremely simple to minister to the medical wants of the numerous sufferers by wounds, pestilence, or famine. Given your wolf or badger or field-mouse safely bagged, nothing could be easier than to apply a selection of its entrails to the patient's ribs or spine. Something more than this was nevertheless needed, and the want was supplied by the sister-arts of "star-craft" and "wort-cunning." The former of these, as the name indicates, corresponded to the classical astrology, while the latter term signifies "herb-knowledge," and both were in demand to perfect the process of the cure: the one by directing the season and moment at which the application would prove most effective, the latter by distinguishing the virtues of the various simples with their *habitats*.

So much for the Saxon Pharmacopœia; but what manner of man, we should next inquire, was the physician who availed himself of its magnificent resources? It would be better to premise that the Saxon *Medicus*, as a qualified practitioner, did not exist. Quacks there were in plenty, who under the title of "Leeches"—a title fully justified by their extortions—plied a brisk trade in co-partnership with the sexton; but apart from this traditional type of the "medicine-man," the healing faculty was best represented in the persons of amateurs, usually monks or learned bodies.

And thus the profession, if it could be yet so called, continued side by side with the more effective household surgery during the Middle Ages, and in some aspects beyond their limits. The Saxon "leech" was still the cant term for the academical "physician," who was content to gather beggarly fees and scanty legacies from wealthy patients, but was powerless against every

epidemic outbreak, oblivious of the most ordinary sanitary requirements, and indeed ignorant profoundly of all things save a little barbarous botany and ruinous astrology, combining thus in his "leech-dom" the "star-craft" and "wort-cunning" of the early vivisectionist, his Teuton forerunner.

The modern doctor dates only from the reign of Henry VIII., when the College of Physicians in England was founded as a body corporate by letters patent in the tenth year of the reign. This grant was in response to a petition from a few of the most notable members of the profession resident in London, who were perhaps moved by both a laudable zeal in the interests of science, and a compassion for the sufferings of the subjects of astrological and toxicological experiments. The charter thus obtained, though probably drafted by the promoters themselves, was found to be so inadequately worded and expressed, that it became necessary to obtain powers to amend it by Act of Parliament.

Amongst these early members were Linacre, Wotton, and others, famous scholars beyond doubt, though possibly but indifferent practitioners. In fact, we are constantly struck throughout the early history of the profession by the frequent occurrence of names associated with almost every other branch of study than that strictly appertaining to the art of medicine. We have naturalists, magneticians, astronomers, mathematicians, logicians, and classical scholars, but scarce one who accomplished anything worthy to be recorded in the annals of medical science. Indeed it is difficult to conceive any useful object that could have been attained by the existence of the College as a professional licensing body, other than the pecuniary interests of the orthodox. After all it was but the shadow of a choice whether a patient was killed dead according to Galen, or subjected to a more lingering process of "cure" by the canons of judicial astrology; for to the consumer (of physis) well-meant ignorance presents no higher recommendations than criminal blundering.

Therefore it is with a pardonable smile that we read in the

proceedings of the College of Physicians, for a century after its foundation, the history of a war against quacks and quackery. Good scholars and worthy gentlemen, the qualified physicians of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth found themselves in an exceptional position with regard to the technical abilities of their professional brethren. With Galen as their spiritual law-giver, and the secular arm to enforce orthodoxy, their position was somewhat similar to that of the pious colonists whose mission it was to portion out the land of the heathen as the inheritance of the elect. They themselves were the elect! We must be prepared, then, for a good deal of intolerance on the part of these learned monopolists, and with good cause. We read of a member guilty of the heinous crime of having accused Galen of an error in judgment, who was compelled to make full submission and tender an abject apology for his backsliding. Another member, who stood charged with professional indecorum, manifested by ill-timed levity and hot abuse of his colleagues at the very bedsides of his patients, was unanimously expelled. The undoubted record of such circumstances as these must lead us to give some credit to the relations of contemporary satirists.

But though sometimes divided against itself, the College could at all times muster its whole forces in a campaign against empirics. Claiming a right to prevent any unqualified person from practising, it found its time pretty well taken up in the examination of suspected persons, especially when the *viva voce* process usually led to the committal of the unlucky candidate to the Marshalsea for gross incompetence, or, worse still, for competent heterodoxy. In the reign of Mary, for instance, two candidates were admitted to the degree of Baccalaureate in Medicine at Oxford University, one being a Franciscan friar, and the other a coppersmith. The former was not altogether approved of by the London Academy, but he weathered the storm, and became in time a distinguished ornament of the College. The smith, however, did not escape so easily, for the

College obtained leave from Cardinal Pole to examine him as to his medical attainments, and from that moment his fate was sealed. The fact was that the aspiring Vulcan, though probably endowed with a smattering of chemistry and pharmacy, was no scholar, and the examiners "put him on" in the Latin grammar, inviting him to decline "corpus." "Hic, haec, hoc corpus," began the son of toil, "accusativo corporem." This specimen of the candidate's Latinity was evidence enough for the examiners, who "ploughed" him on the spot, and wrote a long report in choice Latin of their own of the proceedings, to impress upon the Government the enormity of this plebeian's offence. Later on, in the reign of Elizabeth, we hear of a woman committed to prison for applying a wash which "spoiled" ladies' faces,—in other words ruined their complexions. In due course the noxious compound was submitted for the opinion of the College authorities, who decided, strangely enough, that it appeared to them harmless, yet somewhat illogically condemned the accused to pay all costs of the proceedings.

Another female practitioner, as such, was imprisoned; for in those days "women's rights" were only recognized in the case of "a king's daughter." She was released only upon giving an undertaking not to offend again, and paying all costs of the proceedings. Queen Elizabeth herself, to her honour be it said, was interested in the professional career of students of her own sex, and on several occasions recommended female candidates to the College, by which they were promptly disallowed. One of these royal nominees was ambitious only to practise with simples, but on examination she was reported "inefficient," rather in a knowledge of grammar probably than of the Pharmacopœia. Lord Hunsdon seems to have had more influence with the Dons than his Royal kinswoman, for a lady-doctor introduced by him was admitted to practise in cases where no vital part was affected.

Perhaps the professional gallantry of our worthy physicians had been ruffled by their many desperate encounters with the

enemy who fought under the "star-spangled" banner of judicial astrology. One of this fraternity, who, anticipating the advertising enterprise of modern quacks, affixed "bragging bills" to the walls, was cited and compelled to make his submission. Another, calling himself a country practitioner, when examined, boldly claimed during sixteen years' practice to have used no other medicines than those dictated by the conjunction of the Ephemerides and other celestial signs and planets; by which means he had been able to diagnose and prescribe for every form of disease with rapidity and precision. It does indeed appear that the results of this earlier Sangrado's treatment were as a rule sufficiently deadly to warrant his sinister boast, for when asked to name any whom he had cured by his celestial system he could point to only three or four; while he was compelled to admit that he had had bad luck with the majority of his patients. Questioned still further, he admitted that it was true that he once administered a draught of iced-water to a delirious subject, who instantly succumbed to the shock; and that many complaints had been made about his mistaking the symptoms of gouty or rheumatic people for the dropsy. The strangest part of the story is, however, that this impostor proved on examination to be totally ignorant of astronomy. Indeed he could not be deemed severely punished by a short term of imprisonment and a fine of £10, the penance which was decreed to him by his professional superiors. Unfortunately, however, the rascal contrived to escape, and continued to practise out of the jurisdiction of the College, being reported "safe and jolly" in the parish of Lambeth. Here he flourished into the following reign, for we find his system still further defined in 1607, as follows:—"1. To discover the name, address, and life-history of the patient; 2. To erect a figure; 3. To diagnose the disease therefrom and prophesy the event; 4. To prescribe and gather the fees." We may imagine what a harvest such empirics reaped at the expense of the credulous from the case

of a quack practising in St. Paul's Churchyard about this time, who actually received from a woman £32 for attempting to cure her leg. We even hear of £6 being charged for one precious pill.

It is most significant as to the social degradation of the science of medicine, that most of the notorious empirics of the latter half of the sixteenth century were both highly recommended and strenuously supported in their resistance to the proctors of orthodoxy by some of the greatest names of the age. These self-deluded victims of quackery were not indeed adverse in theory to the pretensions of more regular members of the profession. They would patronize the Court physicians, or, if favourites of the Crown, they might even submit to the Sovereign's recommendation in that behalf; but none the less their family doctor was in far too many cases some outlandish professor of occult arts, retained in learned state on the premises, who undertook the speedy, not to say miraculous, cure of his patron's particular disease by all the charms of the Cabala. In this way every nobleman's household was in danger of becoming a sort of sanctuary for all manner of rogues and impostors who dabbled in the healing art by the employment of a mystic agency; and the efforts of the College towards the purification of the temple of science were thus to a great degree neutralized. Not herewith content, however, the persons of quality alluded to were often desirous of obtaining for their shameless *protégés* a license to practise, or even an admission into the College itself, regardless of the outraged sensibilities of the Fellows. Thus when a certain quack was fined at the instance of the College, for dispensing "celestial water," he was backed up in his resistance to that authority by a flattering testimonial from Lord Hunsdon. So, too, the Earl of Essex's man, Poe, when cited before the College as an empiric, was able to produce testimonials bearing such signatures as those of the Primate, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Admiral, and many

others in high place in his favour. Another quack, Not, who had attended Walsingham successfully, as his patron believed, was so powerfully supported in his application for a licence that the College were obliged to admit him to general practice, with the stipulation that he did not exercise this privilege within the metropolis. Later on, however, we find that the condition was broken, and the "professor" in consequence condemned to pay a fine, still against the earnest remonstrances of his aristocratic friends. Just twenty-one years after this date, we meet again with Poe, as inveterate a quack as ever, but now in the capacity of one of James I.'s physicians. To their credit, however, the Fellows still declined to admit this worthy until he should become properly qualified.

Several of Elizabeth's famous statesmen were confirmed invalids. Whitgift harboured in Lambeth quite a colony of refugees from the pertinacious antagonism of the College. Walsingham was for ever seeking alleviation from his acute bodily ailments by change of air, régime, and doctors. Burghley was a martyr to gout, though, with his habitual caution, he was not to be so easily duped. He had not, indeed, the courage to abandon the fashionable beverages red Burgundy, claret, or Malmsey in favour of the lighter white wines of Germany, which had assisted for a time in curing Sir Thomas Gresham of a still more obstinate attack of the same hereditary malady, but he shook his head at the fashionable follies of Transmutation and the Horoscope. Thus, probably, he was enabled to rescue one of his household from the clutches of a Spanish quack who was in a fair way of reducing his patient's sore leg to a state warranting amputation.

It is only fair, at the same time, to notice the other side of the question, in the relations of the qualified practitioners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries themselves with the courtly society that abetted their rivals, and it must be confessed that the picture is not a particularly edifying one. The College was

not often influenced by mercenary motives, though licences were sometimes accorded to doubtful subjects in consideration of an annual premium. On the other hand, party, and still more, national feeling, were freely displayed in their jealous exclusion of foreign Catholics, a ban that was not extended to the case of Protestant refugees, one of whom, though a preacher by profession, was readily admitted. This policy is all the more to be regretted, in that this body was tolerably free from the vulgar prejudices and superstitions of the age. In a majority of cases in which its delegates were entrusted with the inspection of the physical state of notorious demoniacs or suspected sorcerers, the pretensions of the latter or the charges preferred against them, as the case might be, were equally dismissed as unfounded. Nevertheless the honest graduates were not proof against the glamour of Court life. Soon after the accession of James I. to the English throne that monarch was present at an academical *soirée* at Oxford, on which occasion a debate was promoted between certain Court physicians on the following themes, expressly selected for the purpose of making sport for the learned Sovereign, and, at the same time, of doing him honour.

1. Whether a man's manners are affected by the maternal nourishment of his earliest infancy?

2. Whether tobacco, used in excess, is salubrious or the reverse in its pharmacic effects?

Now it is not difficult to discern that any theory in favour of the hypothesis that James I. had by a mere physiological process assimilated the sinister qualities of an unfortunate lady who was popularly identified, even in the verses of courtly poets of the later reign, with the scarlet-habited patroness of the Babylonians, was, if successfully upheld, unlikely to redound to the temporal welfare of its promoters. Moreover, it was common knowledge that the king had identified himself with the godly opponents of the weed *Nicotiana* as the author of the violent tirade known as the *Counterblaste to Tobacco*. Un-

fortunately these courtly exercises were then 'deemed an indispensable part of the programme framed for such occasions, and the luminaries of the medical profession were, at least, not greater sinners herein than their brethren of divinity. It may be mentioned, however, that the physician to whom fell the task of vilifying the Virginian herb in choice terms for the royal edification, received the appointment of Commissioner for Garbling ("Grabblinge," the royal patent more expressively terms it) Spanish tobaccos, in accordance with a protective policy in favour of the products of the English colonies.

Neither is the fraternity seen to advantage in its attendance upon royal personages. When the young Prince Henry was seized with the mysterious malady that cut him off in the bud of his early promise, not one doctor could be found to adopt, or rather enforce, a rational treatment of the symptoms. One sensible man, indeed, laid it down as an essential prelude to a successful event that the patient should be treated as though he were "some meane person." Others, however, could not shake off the sense of unusual responsibility, and one of these roundly declared that it "shoulde never be saide in after ages that he had killed the kynge's eldest sonne!" A highly conflicting treatment was the inevitable result of this paralysis of judgment. The unfortunate prince's life blood was freely drained one day, and treble doses of cordials were administered the next, according as the differing opinions prevailed. As a desperate remedy a live cock was split open and applied to the patient's feet, but without any grand result, and soon after death released the sufferer from his well-meaning tormentors. There was one physician of the reign, however, who had the courage of his convictions. This was Craige, James's Scotch physician in ordinary, who attended his master during his last illness, and at whose hands the Duchess of Buckingham incurred such an angry rebuke for applying a surreptitious plaster to the patient's body, that she and other great persons, who looked upon pro-

fessional independence as mere insolence, caused the honest doctor to be dismissed from Court.

We have, unfortunately, no means of ascertaining the opinion of the profession at large upon the practice of "touching" for the king's evil. This patriarchal attribute of royalty was never prominently asserted before the Restoration; but as early as 1637 a certain impostor was brought up before the Star-Chamber on a charge of having "set up to touch, scorning the king's touching." Under "examination" this magnetic quack affirmed that after he had touched between thirty and forty applicants, he was sensible of more "virtue" having proceeded out of him than when, in the days before he experienced his call, he had dug eight roods of land as a gardener. He took the precaution to add, however, that he was not always "in the vein," especially when his hands were numbed with the cold; and that he often was obliged to repeat the process four or five times—when the patient was wealthy we must suppose.

With the close of the seventeenth century science had made great strides and had drawn medicine in her wake. We no longer hear of complaints against the practice of employing quacks or unauthorized persons, such as the servants of the Court—players, barbers, grooms, and the like. The medical profession was at length placed on a rational footing among the other arts. The information of its members had become more uniform; their social position more satisfactorily established. Instead of such metaphysical titles as the "History of Man Sucked from the Sup of the Most Approved Anatomists," we have "An Account of the Epidemic Disease Called the Influenza." The reader may further discover what manner of men were these medici of the last two centuries—how they talked, dressed, wrangled, and fleeced—from the pages of their light-hearted contemporaries, the great English novelists of the last six generations.

HUBERT HALL.

Reviews and Views.

STUDIO-SUNDAY makes a show of many things besides pictures ; a show of studios, of habits, of fashions in the ways and lives of painters. The place of a man's work was felt to be important by Wordsworth's proverbial servant-maid ; but the artist of the present day in England, who studies so little "in the fields," displays not greater, but far smaller, sensitiveness to surroundings than belonged to an apparently less fastidious time. Now Wordsworth was not a fastidious liver. It is probable that he took no pleasure in the minor arts of life, and that his surroundings were of a bourgeois rudeness. We may guess this from a detail. When one of the few now living who knew him intimately, tells us that Wordsworth had the strange privation of the sense of smell, he adds that one odour alone of all the scents of the world had had pungency enough to penetrate his dull apprehension. This was the scent of a shoulder of mutton, liberally stuffed with onions, the steam of which taught him that which we have, all of us, perhaps speculated upon—an unknown sense. A new sense is unimaginable, though of course not unthinkable, and a revelation of such, to those who possess the normal faculties, would be the most interesting of bodily events. To Wordsworth the revelation came by means of the dish which we have reluctantly named ; with a certain hesitation in owning that reluctance too. It came in a flash, for a moment. The mutton and the onions under the carver's knife showed to the poet for an instant a new way of communication with Nature. But hardly opened, that way was closed again, and remained closed for ever. We must not digress too far, however. Wordsworth did not hesitate to live plainly after a manner of plain living which was evidently not a lovely self-denial. Nevertheless, he was sensitive to his surroundings, in a degree quite unknown to the modern landscape painter, who studies in a studio, and is content with the fine and tender colour of inanimate things, or at best of daffodils and azaleas in an indoor shade, foregoing it in the clear skies and the soft fields out of

town; who exacts lovely form in pottery, but neglects it in the outline of southern hills, and the flame-shapes of cypresses; whose table is delicate, but who has grown vulgarly insensitive—by wilful habit—to the chronic smell of soot in the London air. Of course the modern artist travels and spends his autumns in the waning warmth and lowering lights of Nature, but his life is essentially a life of the studio. In France there has always been a truer simplicity, and therefore a more sincere sensitiveness to conditions. The luxuries of Parisian studios are for a few, and by no means the most serious, artists. But country life has been in France at once the cause and the effect of that admirable habit of out-door painting, which has given, as it were, the right pitch to the art of landscape. Inasmuch as English landscape-painters, with some most honourable exceptions, choose to do their important work shut in from the wind and shower, and—inevitable concomitant—shut away from the true light, they are out of the art movement.

Nevertheless, the minor beauties of still life, the beauties which are unshaded and unkindled by clear lights from clean skies, have been carried to a fine perfection in the London studio. Indeed there is in it more than beauty—there is charm. Into the inorganic lengths of drapery or paper, an educated taste has brought some of the beauty of organized things. A play of surface, a depth of shadow, and an exquisiteness of hesitating tint can make a piece of plain plush—a thing without a beginning or an end, a thing to be cut into yards—worthy of serious admiration; and this is only the lowest form of decoration. A little higher ranks design—a terra-cotta jar pinched into a simple form fitting and obeying the material; then come the more thoughtful design of brass-work, the *quasi* vital form of a classic vase, the shining colour and organic existence of a flower; and so we come to the living faces and speculative eyes of the lovely studio visitors. Altogether, it is not to be wondered at that artists so surrounded should be deceived into thinking themselves sincerely sensitive. Millet at Barbizon, nevertheless, and Wordsworth among his hills, were otherwise delicate and fastidious. For them the live air, the live light, the organism of a storm, the system of trees in growth, and of the seasons in their unstoppping evolution.

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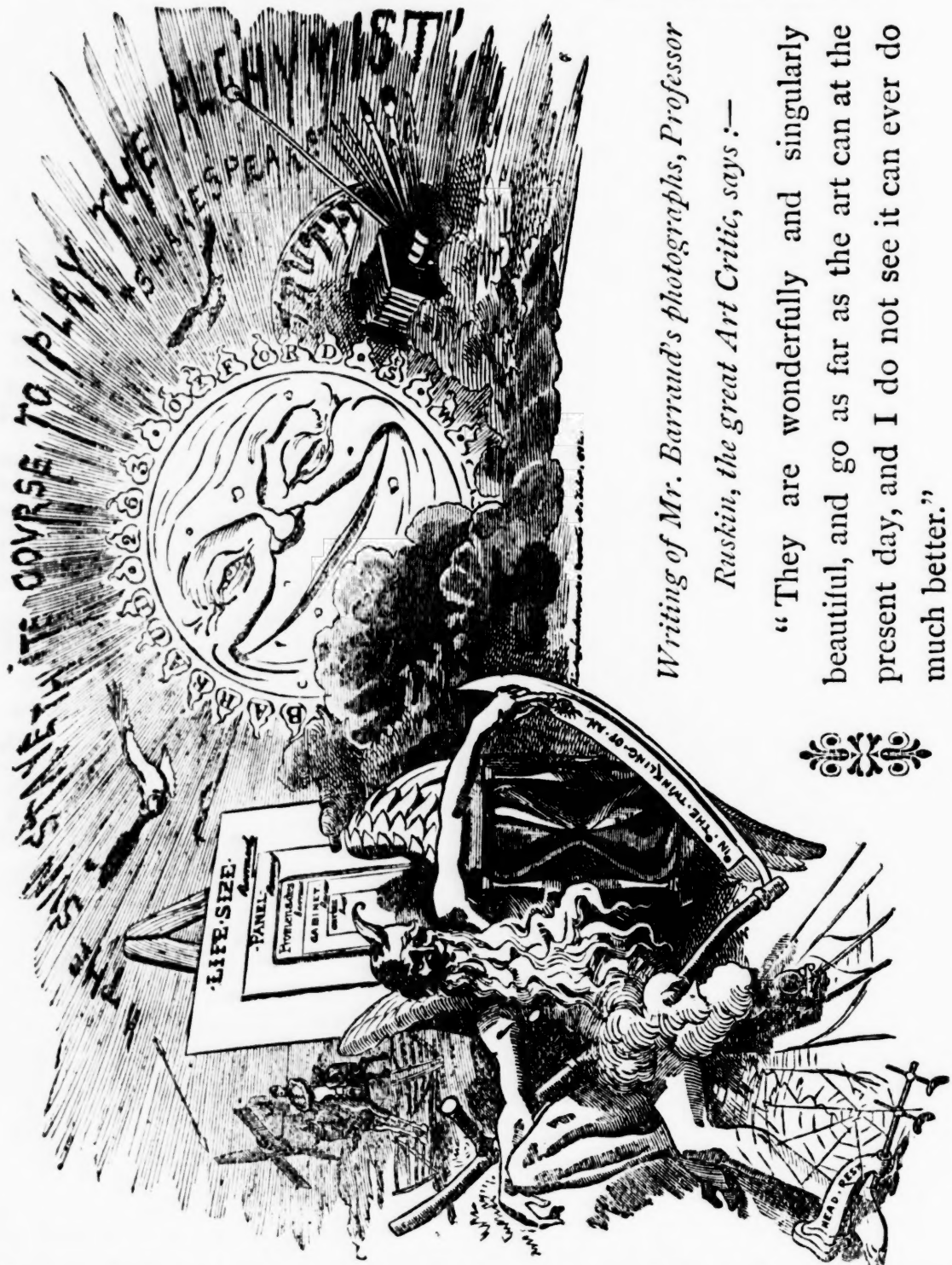
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MANIFESTO

OF

MERRY ENGLAND.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN does not love the steam plough, yet surely the steam plough in the midst of scenery the most idyllic is a better alternative—where such the alternative must be—than a starving people. The Professor indeed supposes that the modern ploughboy's whistling, as well as his work, will be done by steam; but we have faith that the rustic will yet again whistle for himself, albeit no longer for "want of thought." Frankly accepting the conditions of Modern England, we would have it a Merry England too. Though the maypole be a thing of the past, the same instinct for joy which moved men and maidens on the village greens of long ago is ready to assert itself still—Heaven sees in what distorted fashion—in our manufacturing towns, in our dense seaports, and our fields of coal. In London alone there are "two millions who never smile"—the members, alas! of a great family scattered, or rather huddled, in every city and village, through the land.

How their toil may be lightened and dignified for them, their sky cleared, their air sweetened, and the care for that light and sweetness cultivated in themselves; how marriage may be, not more rash, yet more possible and more righteous, among them; how maternity, losing at least its mental anguish, may regain once more the ancient "joy that a man is born into the world;" how the

children who now perish in their infancy may be saved to society and to thrifty homes; how old age may be made a season of honourable peace and of a well-earned pension, rather than of workhouse misery, which—cruel as death—puts asunder husband and wife; how Religion may be made more dear—at once more divine and more human, and the reverences and tendernesses of life multiplied among them:—how all this may be, the writers in the new Magazine will, from time to time, invite their readers to consider.

Such topics as these we shall attempt to treat with a freshness and delicacy which will redeem them from the dulness of blue-books, and will bid for the sympathy even of the happy and the young—the England which is Merry in all epochs. And if not in these, at least in less difficult problems concerning a Nation's welfare we shall have scope for fancy, and take opportunities for fun. We spare our readers the trite remark that Literature and Art are great elements of human happiness; but we shall make no apology for recognizing the fact by the publication of frequent papers, critical and biographical, about the painters and the writers of the present and the past; and this at least we may promise, that our Literature shall be literary Literature and our Art shall be artistic Art. And since we hold that the length of our railroads is no measure of the happiness of life; and the electric light is no substitute for a Star in the East; nor literature a glory, nor art anything else than a shame, if they disown fealty to the All-Father;—we shall seek to revive in our own hearts, and in the hearts of others, the enthusiasm of the Christian Faith. Moreover, in religion, as in literature in art and in sociology, we shall seek to fulfil Dr. Johnson's precept, and "clear our minds of cant"—the cant of commerce and the cant of capital, the cant even of chivalry and of labour, the cant of mediævalism no less than the cant of modern days.

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- THE DEAD SPRING.** By KATHERINE TYNAN.
- A MANCHESTER MUSEUM.** By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.
- HEROINE OR CRIMINAL?** By E. M. LYNCH.
- IN KENT.** By FRANK ABELL.
- BOGEYS OF PROVINCIAL LIFE: HOBBIES.** By Mrs. MEYNELL.

The following Opinions of the Press (selected from many hundreds) on the first Six Numbers of MERRY ENGLAND indicate, not only the intentions of the Projectors of the Magazine, but also the way in which those intentions have been carried out.

OF THE FIRST NUMBER.

The "SPECTATOR" says:—

"The new magazine is well edited, and the opening article on 'Young England,' by Mr. George Saintsbury, is extremely well written. The etching of 'Mr. Disraeli addressing the House of Commons' is admirable. The little tale called 'Miss Martha's Bag' is a very skilful and touching one, and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's verses on the 'Blackbird' are interesting and original. So are the verses on 'Primrose Day.' The magazine promises to be a social success."

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"The success of the first number of MERRY ENGLAND has been great."

The "EVENING STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a handsome magazine, with quite an aristocratic look about it. It differs in the appearance of its type, the quality of the paper, and the size of the page, from all the other monthlies. The contents are unquestionably good."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The furtherance of human happiness is the greatest of objects, and the promoters of MERRY ENGLAND aim at this by means of pleasant articles on religion, literatures art and sociology, all devoid of cant. 'Reviews and Views' contain paragraphs of great discrimination and critical power. The Etching of 'Mr. Disraeli addressing the House of Commons' is worth the cost of the magazine many times over; and if succeeding illustrations are of the same artistic value, MERRY ENGLAND will be looked forward to, not merely as a literary treasure, but as a valuable medium for the dispersal of works of art. MERRY ENGLAND is worthy of commendation to those in Scotland and Ireland who do not include themselves in the national diminutive."

The "GRAPHIC" says:—

"Our youngest magazine has begun its gracious mission of brightening with fresh light and sweetness the grey dulness of middle-class lives."

The "EVENING NEWS" says:—

"A really charming magazine."

The "WOLVERHAMPTON CHRONICLE" says:—

"A vigorous manifesto indicates the high aims of the magazine, and the list of contributors gives promise that success will be deserved. We are not surprised to learn that the first edition of 5,000 copies was exhausted in a couple of days."

The "TABLET" says:—

"The first number of MERRY ENGLAND lets us feel that at last we have a high-class general magazine, from which the poison of infidelity shall be absent. MERRY ENGLAND is a Magazine which no cultivated household will care to be without."

The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND deserves the place of honour among the magazines of the month. It claims attention at first sight by its pleasant exterior, its readable type, and its varied, yet not overburdened, contents. Nor is there any disappointment in store for us when we turn over the leaves."

The "FREEMAN" says:—

"The first number of the new magazine is rich in promise, and really fills a vacant place. MERRY ENGLAND, though thoroughly solid, will at the same time attract the general reader who must have something to charm him in form, as well as to instruct him in substance. If MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun, there can be little doubt of its final success."

The "YARMOUTH MERCURY" says:—

"So many magazines exist that it is excusable if one doubts whether there is room for another. Such a doubt, however, betrays ignorance, as any one reading the new periodical must frankly confess. The authors of this literary venture have recollected that the joy and gladness of human life should be as well represented as the other elements of daily experiences; and the contents of the first number admirably realize this too often neglected purpose; they are written with an earnestness of purpose and crispness of style which promise well for the future success of the magazine."

The "LEICESTER JOURNAL" says:—

"In the contents of the new magazine an amount of talent is displayed which ought to secure for it a wide circle of readers."

The "OVERLAND MAIL" says:—

"In aim, appearance, and get up, MERRY ENGLAND differs somewhat from its kind—a broad and pleasant page, a clear and open type, a genuine and genial policy. Its contents are varied and well written, by able and popular authors."

The "ESSEX STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND bids fair to be a formidable rival to the American monthlies which are so popular. There is a manifesto to the first number, in which the aims and objects of the new magazine are clearly set forth; and even surer guarantee of what we may look for from its pages is afforded by the contents of the first part, and by the subjects and writers announced for future numbers."

The "CHURCH TIMES" says:—

"The new magazine, MERRY ENGLAND, begins well."

The "WEEKLY REGISTER" says:—

"The illustrations will not fail to attract support from lovers of art. Etching—more costly as it is more satisfactory than any form of engraving—is the method used, and for the first time in a magazine sold at the price. MERRY ENGLAND is therefore in the cheap-periodical movement of the day."

The "WATERFORD CITIZEN" says:—

"The opening number of MERRY ENGLAND is worthy of its mission—that of endeavouring to infuse a spirit of refinement into everyday life. Colonel Butler furnishes a contribution to the history of the life of St. Patrick, which evinces ripe scholarship, and is written in a singularly fascinating style. Sometimes, indeed, the gifted writer soars into a region of the purest eloquence, subdued by an undertone of pathos."

The "WATERFORD NEWS" says:—

"The new magazine has met with that cordial reception which its excellence and cheapness so well deserve. MERRY ENGLAND is the most interesting publication of its class that it has ever been our lot to read."

The "WHITEHAVEN FREE PRESS" says:—

"The first number of the new national magazine, the advent of which has been looked for in literary circles with some curiosity, is a good sample, and if succeeding numbers are well up to it, it will prove a happy combination of art and literature."

The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND the new and highly promising candidate for public favour, is an unqualified success, and can scarcely fail to become rapidly popular."

The "HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND has at last appeared, and contrary to the rule in the case of newly issued magazines, the first number justifies the preliminary announcements which prepared the reading public for its advent."

The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND, will no doubt hold a high position in the literature of the day."

The "BOLTON WEEKLY GUARDIAN" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND promises to have a glorious future. 'The Light of the West,' by Colonel Butler, as an historical picture, is the sublimest we have ever seen in any magazine. St. Patrick never had a biographer who was able to condense so magnificent a panegyric into so short a space. But all the articles in the new Magazine deserve, and will command, public appreciation."

The "NORWICH MERCURY" says:—

"The new shilling magazine illustrates excellently the improvement in public taste. The etching of Lord Beaconsfield is of itself worth a larger sum than is charged for the magazine, and it will be valued by Liberals no less than by Tories. If MERRY ENGLAND continues to offer us so good a shilling's worth its success is certain."

The "BOOKSELLER" says:—

"The new Magazine aims at a higher standard than the existing shilling monthlies, and is illustrated by a capital etching. The paper and printing are of a superior quality, and the general appearance is handsomer than is usual in a shilling magazine."

The "LONDONDERRY SENTINEL" says:—

"The new monthly magazine bids fair to obtain a prominent position among its contemporaries. The task which the writers have set before them is a noble one, and the contributors to the first number each and all display a comprehensiveness of scope and depth of research and vivacity of description which cannot fail to secure the approval of the reading public. Colonel Butler's description of the Emerald Isle is sublime and beautiful, almost forcing one to realize the poet's picture—'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea!' This single contribution is worth the price of the entire magazine."

The "DERRY SENTINEL" says:—

"The new magazine promises much in the way of high-class literature of a healthy kind, and the first number performs well the duty which it has marked out for itself. It will take its proper place among the best periodical literature of the nineteenth century."

The "NEW YORK WORLD" says:—

"The first number will challenge comparison with any of the old popular monthlies."

The "PAISLEY HERALD" says:—

"All the articles are well-written and highly attractive. We shall be greatly disappointed in this magazine if it does not obtain a high place among our best monthlies."

The "SOUTH ESSEX ADVERTISER" says:—

"The new aspirant among our Shilling serials opens with a very attractive number, the admirable etching being worth the price of the magazine many times told. If MERRY ENGLAND gives us an etching of this quality monthly, we should say the success of the magazine is assured, independently of its literary contents; but these also are of a high order of merit."

The "NORTHAMPTONSHIRE GUARDIAN" says:—

"The object which the projectors set before them is a noble one. Every lover of his kind will wish that the magazine may be in such measure, as is possible, instrumental in accomplishing its high purpose. We have rarely seen a first number of such excellent promise. The whole of the articles are eminently readable, and some of them are pitched in a far higher key than the usual run of magazine literature."

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:—

"The etching in the new venture has caused its sale to be enormous. The first number contains a powerfully written article by Mr. George Saintsbury, on the 'Young England Party,' and one by Col. Butler, on the 'Light of the West,' which will make all true Irish hearts thrill with patriotic pride. No one has ever written with clearer insight than Mr. Kegan Paul on the 'English Rustic'; Mr. Cole's 'Plea for Health Guilds' is extremely important; Miss Alice Corkran's Novelette is exquisitely pathetic; and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's 'Blackbird' is a charming and uncommon little poem."

The "ARCHITECT" says:—

"The new magazine is bright and readable throughout."

OF THE SECOND NUMBER.

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND follows up the good start made last month ; and, indeed, we think that in some respects the second number is better than the first, having more distinctness and unity of purpose. Mrs. Meynell's writing never lacks charm, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—ironically entitled, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives'—treats with real freshness a subject about which a great deal that is neither fresh nor edifying has been written. Mr. J. G. Cox's exposition of 'The Law of the Mother and the Child,' and his comments thereupon, are luminous and sensible. 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' by Mr. Ashcroft Noble, is an account of a little club of ropemakers who met every week to read and discuss the writings of Mr. Ruskin, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, and Cardinal Newman ; and Mr. Noble quotes some shrewd criticisms made by the workers in hemp. There is a very creditable etching of St. Alban's Abbey, from the needle of Mr. Tristram Ellis."

The "EVENING STANDARD" says :

"The second is a delightful number of MERRY ENGLAND. Every article is excellent ; and any subject that may be regarded as belonging to the 'solid' class is treated with a light and pleasant touch. A light and agreeable seriousness is evidently the aim of the Magazine."

The "FREEMAN" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is pleasantly bright and varied. Of Mrs. Meynell it may be said as truly as of Goldsmith, that she touches nothing which she does not adorn ; but she is something more than a mere graceful writer, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—entitled, with a sad irony, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is as valuable for its fine moral insight as for its delicate literary touch. Novelty is generally attractive, and many readers will probably find it in the bright and attractive sketch entitled, 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' which is from the pen of Mr. Ashcroft Noble, and should be read by all desirous of understanding the working-classes of our country. Mr. J. G. Cox, whose literary work is becoming favourably and deservedly known, has the happy knack of making even legal matters interesting, and his article on 'The Law of the Mother and Child' will enlarge the knowledge of most readers without sending them to sleep. Mrs. Haweis writes learnedly of 'Dress in Merry England' ; Mrs. Loftie brightly of 'Social Dulness' considered as a 'bogey of provincial life' ; and Mr. John Oldcastle's story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' is well conceived and capitally told."

The "WORCESTERSHIRE ADVERTISER" says :

"Number two of this capital magazine sustains the reputation of its first issue, and bids fair to hold a permanent place in our literature."

The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—

"The second number opens with a pleasant bit of historical gossip on St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. R. Brinsley Sheridan Knowles. The etching of the noble building by Mr. Tristram Ellis is worth more than the price of the magazine, and will in many cases find its way to a frame. Mr. J. A. Noble gives a readable sketch of 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night' ; Mr. J. G. Cox supplies an interesting and valuable summary of 'the Law of the Mother and the Child' ; Mrs. Loftie discourses pleasantly upon 'Social Liability' ; and Mrs. Haweis takes up her favourite theme of 'Dress.' A series of readable notes closes the number, which more than justifies the praise we bestowed on the first issue. It is an eminently readable magazine, and its aim is not only to entertain but to elevate."

The "BURY POST" says:—

"This is only the second number of the new magazine, but already it seems installed as a favourite. The serious things of the world are not eschewed, but they are touched with a delicate and light hand, and agreeable tints are laid on with a fine and discriminating touch. Mr. John Oldcastle writes an admirable story, and Mr. J. A. Noble shows conclusively that working-men are susceptible to culture."

The "ADVERTISER" says:—

"Of the first number of this new aspirant a critic remarked, 'if MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun there can be little doubt of its final success.' We can only say that it is going on as it began. The second number contains all the literary merit which won for the first number such prompt and decided success."

The "DERBY MERCURY" says:—

"The second number of MERRY ENGLAND well fulfils the promise of the first number. The etching is worth more than the money asked for the whole number, and there is no falling off in the quality of the literary contributions."

The "PAISLEY GAZETTE" says:—

"The title of the magazine was happily chosen, and it raised expectations which may reasonably be said to be fully met. The readable type in which the magazine is printed helps to promote the popularity it has already obtained, and which the character of the contributions well maintain."

The "TABLET" says:—

"The June number of MERRY ENGLAND is exceptionally good. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is not only charmingly written, but treats of a difficult subject with consummate tact. Mr. J. G. Cox contributes a clear and powerful article on the 'Law of the Mother and the Child;' while the 'Reviews and Views' are written with a subtle distinction of style which will betray to many the hand of one of the most charming writers of the day."

The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—

"The second number will certainly extend the excellent impression made by the first. A variety of well-written papers make up a very readable number of this high-toned periodical, which seems destined to make a distinct position for itself above the average of ordinary miscellanies."

The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a marvellous shillingsworth; its etching, essays, stories and reviews being all good."

The "BRISTOL MERCURY" says:—

"It is satisfactory to be able to say of the new magazine that the second number is as good as the first. Mrs. Meynell contributes a graceful essay; and to this succeeds a capital little story of a class that always pleases, by Mr. Oldcastle. Mr. Noble gives an interesting account of an evening spent in the company of Liverpool operatives; and Mr. J. G. Cox deals in an earnest and able spirit with an important social question."

The "OXFORD UNIVERSITY HERALD" says:—

"The second number of this new magazine shows no falling off. Mr. John Oldcastle contributes an excellent story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' the leading incident in which is quite new."

The "SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—

"The etching of St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, is a really beautiful work of art."

"LIFE" says:—

"We said of the first number of this magazine, and we now repeat of its successor, that the promise contained in its manifesto has been amply redeemed. Its literature is literary and its art artistic; and we are glad to see that other periodicals have done full justice to its attractive external form."

The "IRISH MONTHLY" says:—

"There are several new magazines, but the one to which we feel impelled to give a cordial greeting is MERRY ENGLAND; in spite of its name the graceful design on its cover gives, we think, a dozen shamrocks to two thistles and one rose. Very great taste and skill, inclining to the dainty and æsthetic, are shown even in the mechanical arrangements of the new magazine, which is the first of its kind to use etchings freely for its illustrations."

OF THE THIRD NUMBER.

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"Considerable artistic interest attaches to the third number of MERRY ENGLAND. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'The Story of a Picture,' is illustrated with nine reproductions of studies made by Sir Frederick Leighton for his noble design for the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.' The studies in themselves are interesting; and, though Mrs. Meynell modestly speaks of herself as an outsider, her comments are characterized by knowledge as well as judgment. Mrs. Butler also contributes an illustration, entitled 'A Cistercian Shepherd,' which accompanies an article by Mr. J. G. Cox.

The "NEWCASTLE COURANT" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND has a character of its own, thoroughly original, clever, and bright."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The contents of MERRY ENGLAND are of uniform excellence. Probably not the least important of the factors which go to make up the marked individuality of MERRY ENGLAND is the fact that, while it has each month contained at least one picture of considerable artistic value, it is not an illustrated magazine in the usual sense of the term, that is to say—it is not a magazine in which it is considered necessary to have a certain number of illustrations, good, bad, or indifferent. Thus, while the first two numbers each contained an admirable etching, the present one contains no less than ten full-page engravings, of which nine are by Sir Frederick Leighton. The conception and execution are alike powerful, and leave an impression of the earnest thought which the President has brought to bear upon his design. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a spirited drawing by the painter of the 'Roll-Call.' The article which is illustrated, 'Horney-handed Brothers,' is by Mr. J. G. Cox, and is a tribute to the earnest, unselfish industry of the old monks in the best days of monasticism, when much that was best and noblest in humanity found its highest expression in the single lives of the inhabitants of the cloister. The other articles are on 'A Berkshire Village a Hundred Years Ago,' by the Rev. J. F. Cornish; 'Thoughts in a Library,'

by John Dennis; 'Small Talk,' by Alice Corkran; and 'Travelling Thoughts on the Acropolis,' by Mrs. Pfeiffer. These, with a story by Rosa Mulholland, a poem on 'The London Sparrow' by W. H. Hudson, and the literary and artistic gossip, under the heading, 'Reviews and Views,' make up a number which is readable from beginning to end, and which is marked throughout by a confidently high tone not always found in contemporaneous periodical literature."

The "NORTHERN ECHO" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a good shillingsworth of clever, perverse, whimsical, gossiping, academical prose, poetry, and pictures."

OF THE FOURTH NUMBER.

The "GLOBE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND continues the distinct features which have characterized it from the beginning. It is completely different from all other magazines, and the articles are ably written."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The New Magazine has now reached the fourth number, and we are glad to see that it fully maintains the excellent promise with which it started."

"The EVENING STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is developing originality. The pleasant, familiarly-written essays, and the easy flowing sketches, sometimes full of suggestive instruction, and yet free from all stiltedness, place readers and writers on the best terms at once. Mrs. Lynn Lynton contributes what we may call a *causerie* on 'Scandal'; 'A Gift of Interpretation,' by Mr. Francis Phillimore, is admirable; 'With Ariel' is at once careful and thoughtful; and Miss Alice Corkran's 'Face at the Window' is a pleasantly told story."

OF THE FIFTH NUMBER.

The "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL" says:—

"Within the last few years many new magazines have been started. One of the newest is "MERRY ENGLAND," which has several distinguishing features of its own. A certain daintiness and elegance mark the type and paper, and all the other externals, including the cover. Never before in a cheap magazine has etching, the most costly and satisfactory form of engraving, been used so freely for the purpose of illustration. The fiction of the magazine is confined to tales finished in a single number."

The "BRISTOL TIMES" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND, though the youngest of the Magazines, has succeeded, by its own intrinsic merits, in forcing itself into the front rank."

The "NORTHERN WHIG" says:—

"Mr. W. J. Loftie contributes a chatty article 'About Westminster,' which is illustrated by a capital etching of the Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis. Mr. Davidson's story 'The Mysterious Hamper' is a pleasant illustration of the old story, how the lawyers take the oysters and leave the shells to their clients. In 'Spoilt Parents,' Mrs. Lynch pertinently replies to those who censure parents for spoiling their children. 'A Night with the Unhanged' is written by Mr. Richard Dowling in his best vein, and charmingly satirizes some of the most respectable criminals who adorn society in these days."

OF THE SIXTH NUMBER.

The "LIVERPOOL MERCURY" says:—

"The sixth number of MERRY ENGLAND upholds its character for general excellence."

The "NORTHAMPTON GUARDIAN" says:—

"Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was so prominent a figure in the Egyptian difficulty that the public interested in the promotion of justice will be glad to know something more of a man who was anxious to see it done. Readers of Mr. Oldcastle's sketch of Mr. Blunt's life will rise from its perusal with the strengthened conviction that in the course he took he was fighting not only in the cause of truth and justice, but also in the interests of his own country. . . . In 'Empire or Fellowship' Mr. J. G. Cox ably indicates the revolution of ideas in our relationship to our colonies, and as we think, has interpreted most truly one of the most gratifying moral changes of our time. He has touched one of the most powerful springs in the national feeling and will—one of the spiritual forces that work silently but surely in the regeneration of the world."

The "MANCHESTER EXAMINER" says:—

"Mrs. Lynch's very energetic endeavour to class patient Grizzel and her followers as criminals rather than as heroines is boldly truthful and yet amusing."

"LIFE" says:—

"*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* would be an apt motto for this charming magazine; and if its editor continues—as he has begun—to give its subscribers variety as well as value for their money, *nihil non tetigit* will soon be equally applicable. As for agreeing with everything that every writer in MERRY ENGLAND advances, that, we need hardly say, is out of the question. We gravely doubt, for example, the soundness of the view of the Egyptian question put forward by Mr. John Oldcastle in his interesting sketch of the career of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; yet we cannot but admire the literary skill with which Mr. Oldcastle states his case."

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"Executed by the author in a very thorough and most attractive manner."—*Month*.

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"The method of its argument involves most of the controversial matter between Protestants and Papists in respect of the spiritual Papal supremacy. . . . We must compliment the author on the admirable spirit preserved throughout."—*Standard*.

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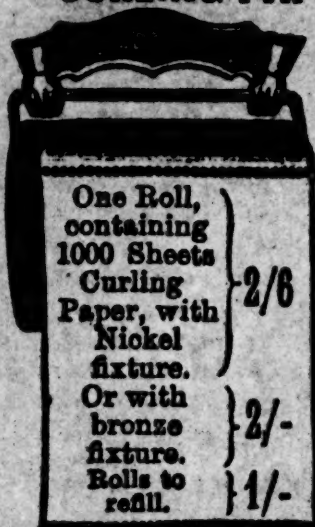
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